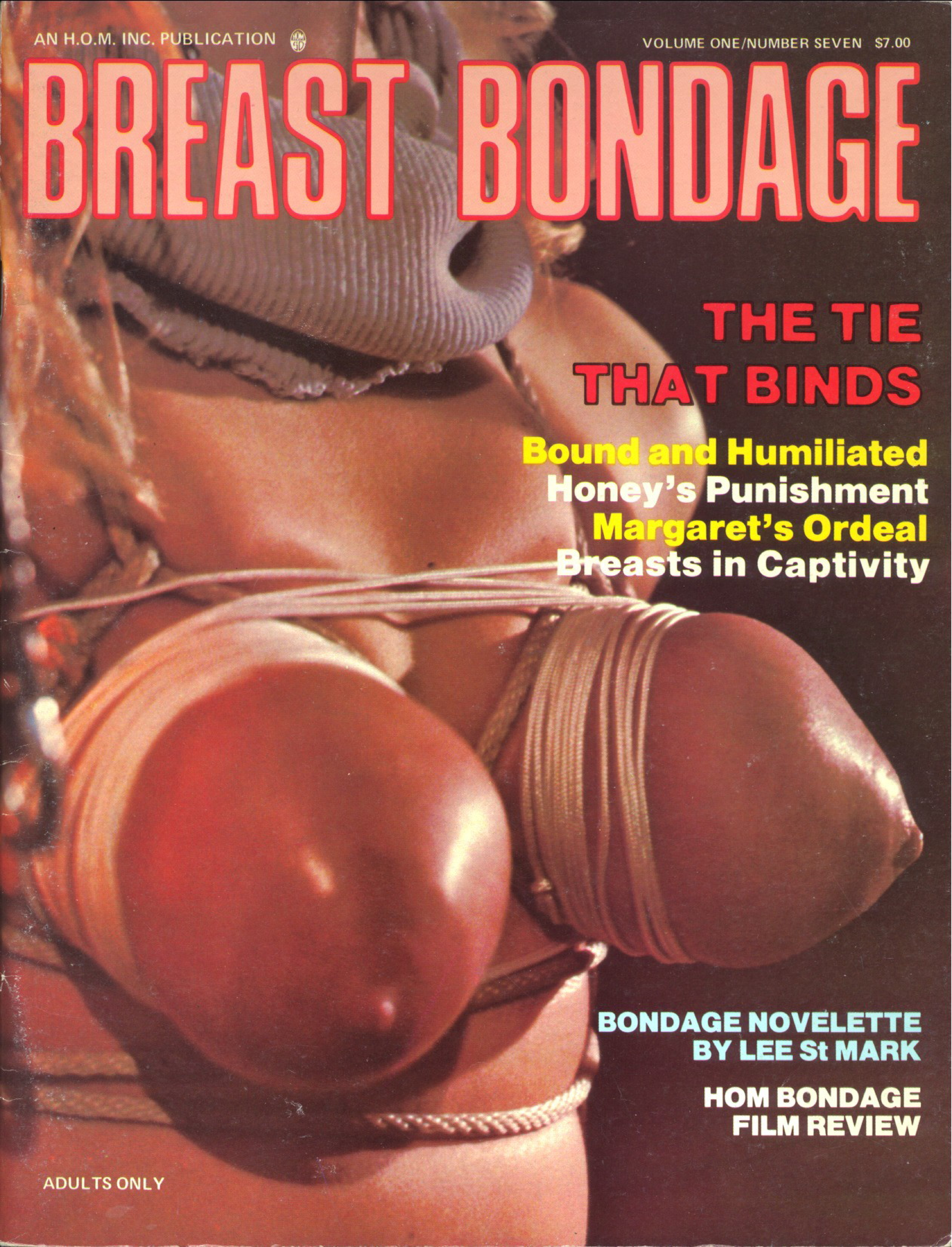
AN H.O.M. INC. PUBLICATION

VOLUME ONE/NUMBER SEVEN $7.00

# BREAST BONDAGE



## THE TIE THAT BINDS

**Bound and Humiliated**

**Honey's Punishment**

**Margaret's Ordeal**

**Breasts in Captivity**

**BONDAGE NOVELETTE BY LEE St MARK**

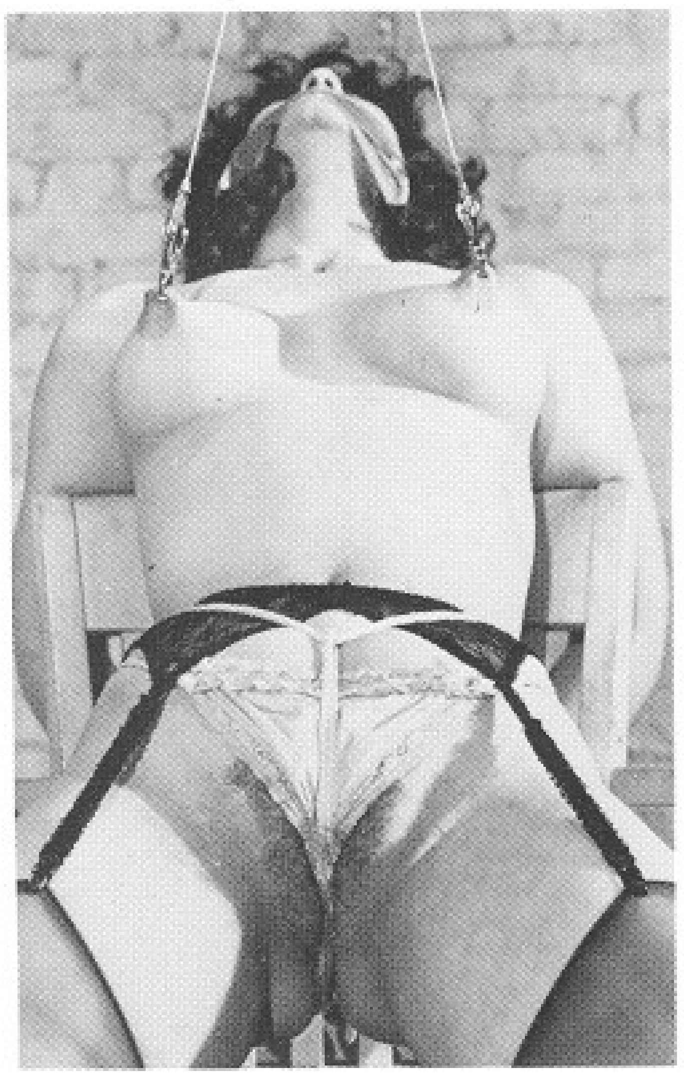
**HOM BONDAGE FILM REVIEW**

ADULTS ONLY



# BREAST BONDAGE

AN HOM PUBLICATION VOLUME ONE/NUMBER SEVEN



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**MARGARET'S ORDEAL**
*with Dotti Adams*

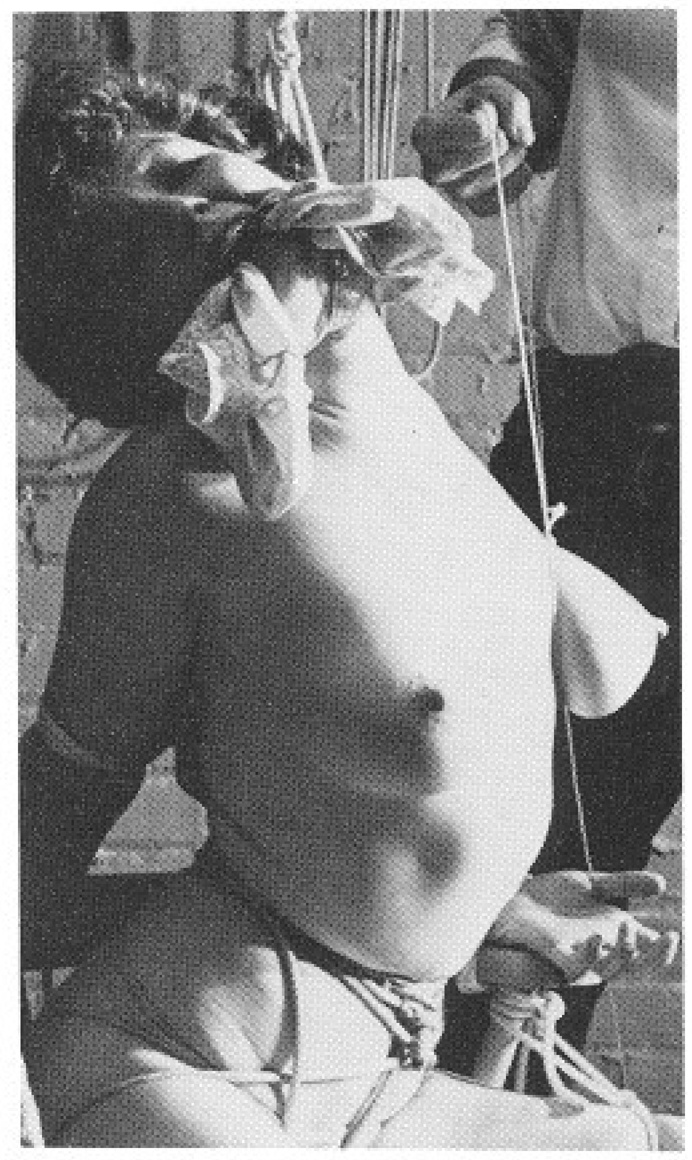


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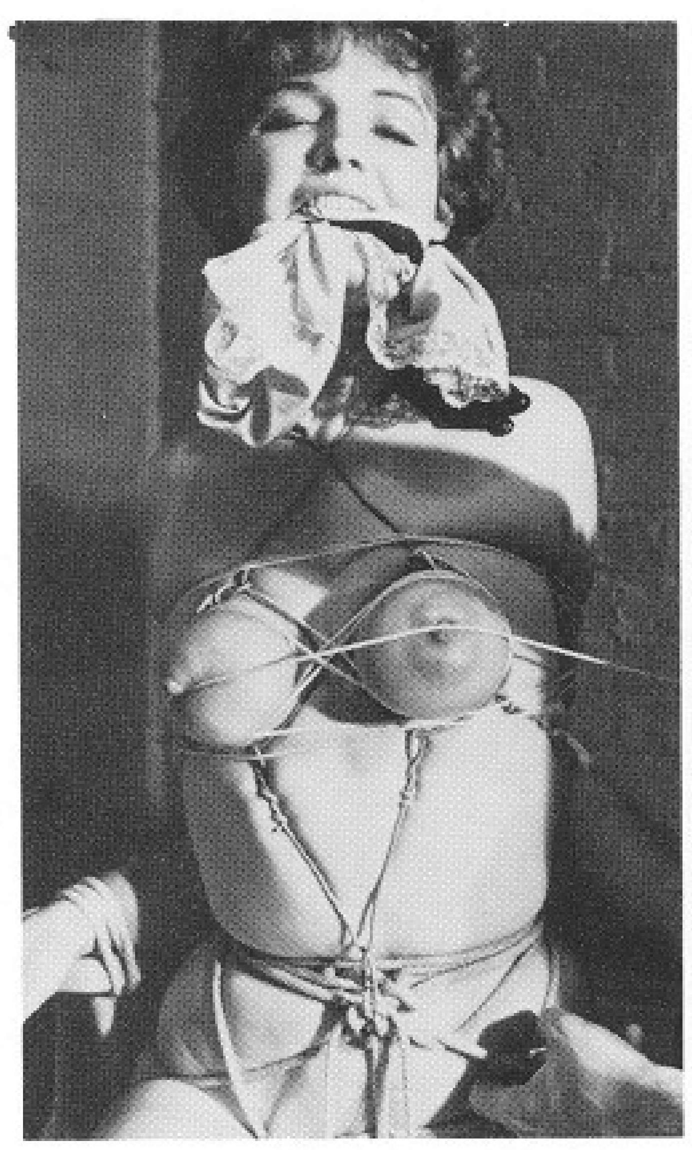
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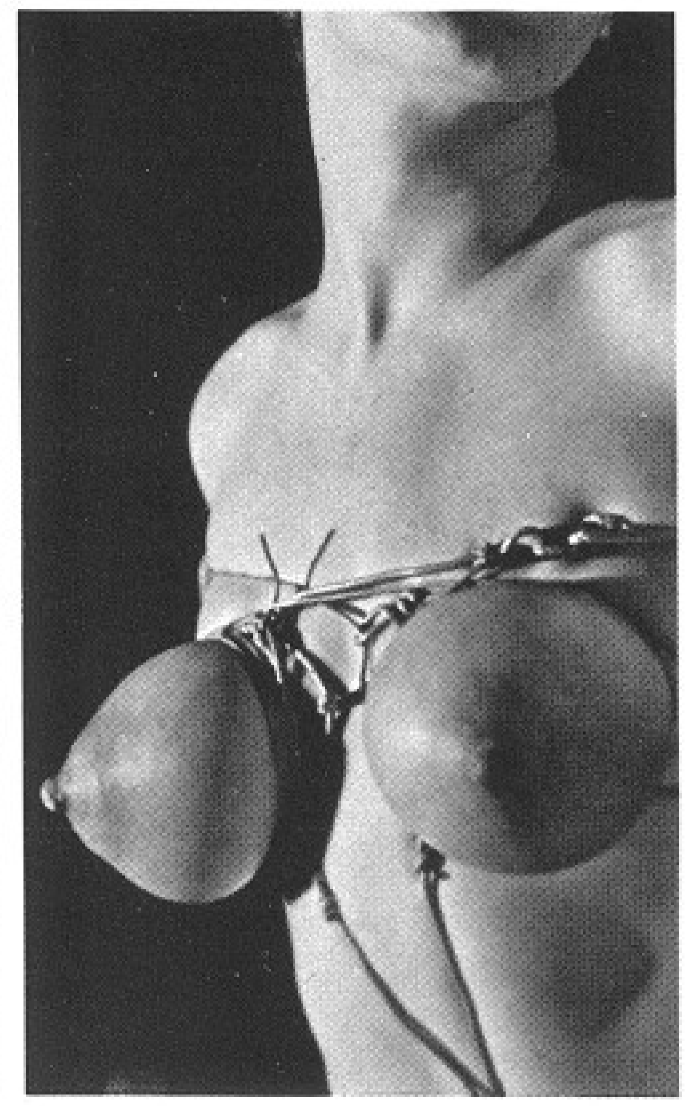




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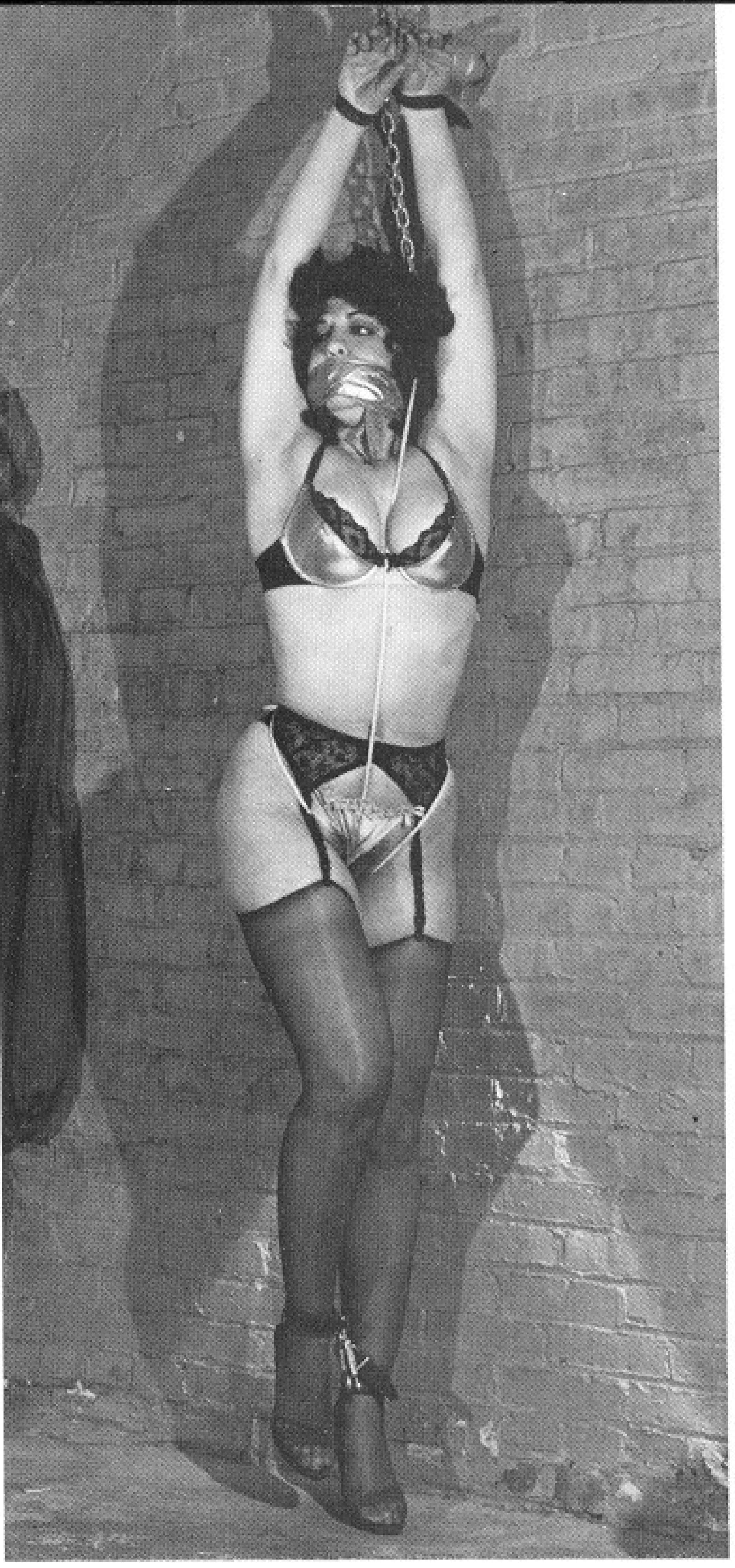
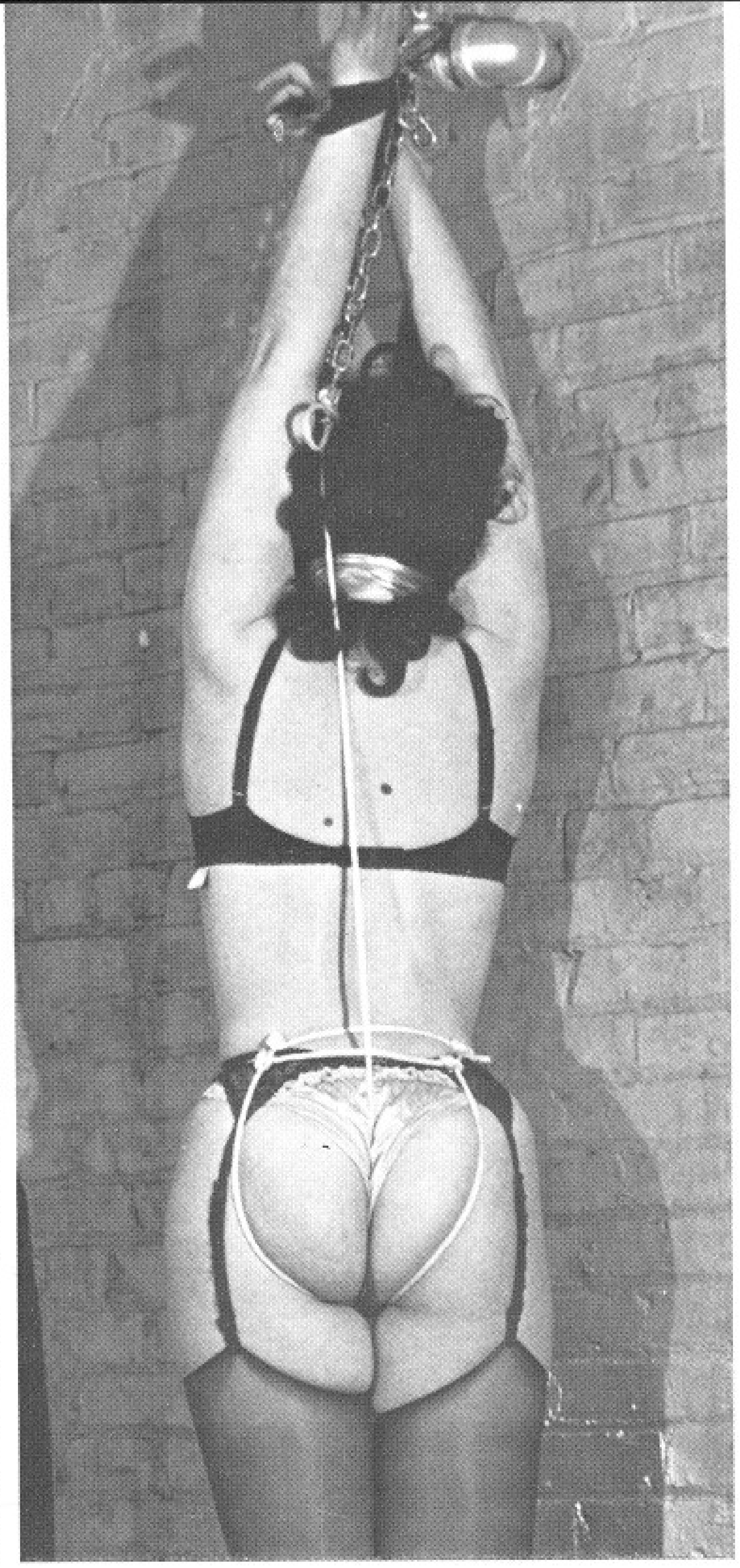
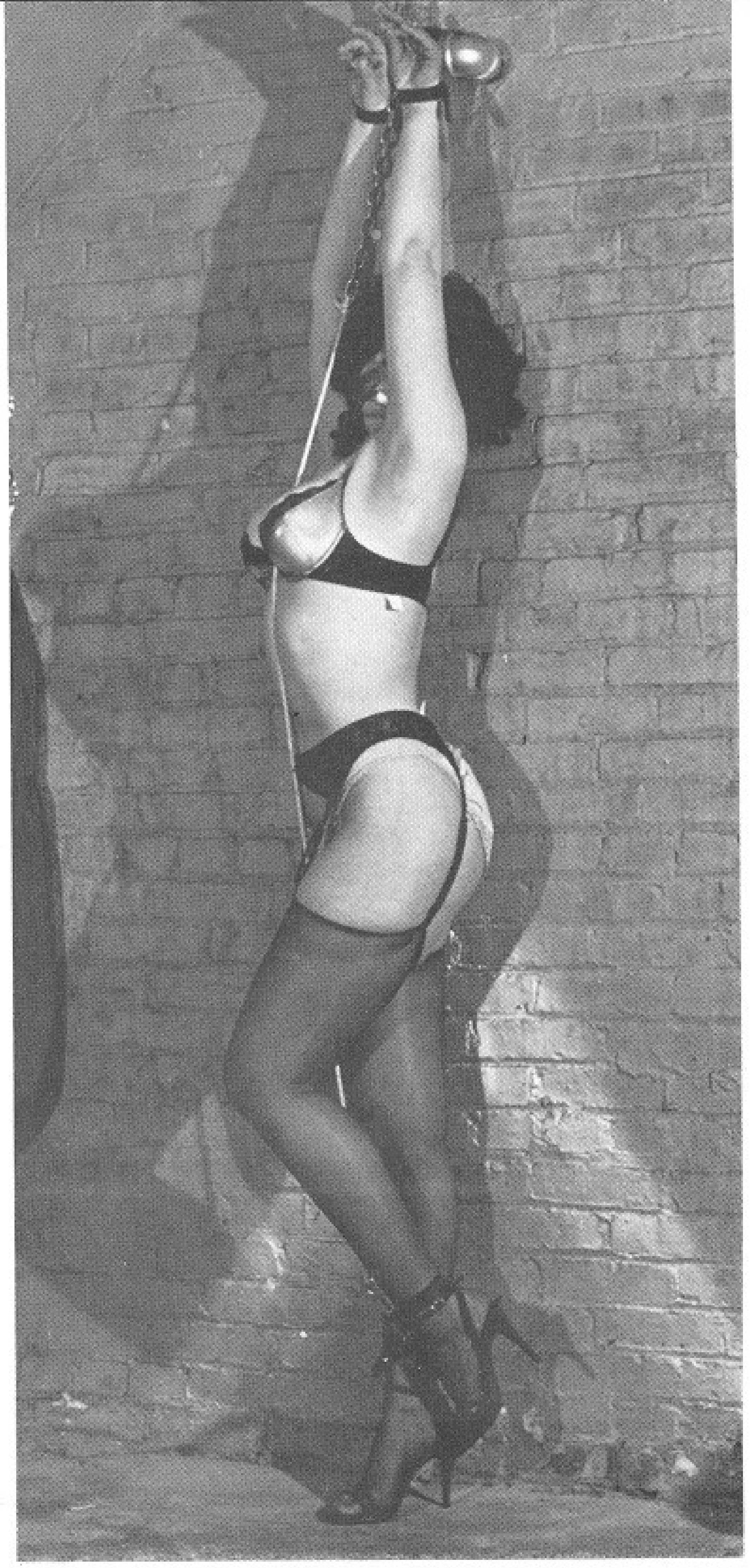
All games have their rules and the bondage game is no exception. The primary rule is that all people willingly consent to ties. Without consent it is no longer fun and games; it is assault and rape, something we and the law have no sense of humor about.

Magazines and films are usually done by experts and often positions shown for their fantasy value may be extremely dangerous for the novice. For example, some people can easily be bound with their elbows touching each other behind their back, while others may suffer serious injury. Every body is different. Therefore, never assume that because a professional can attain a position for our fantasies, it is safe for you or your slaves.



# MARGARET'S ORDEAL

*with Dotti Adams*

When we captured Margaret, we took her straight to the old storage place. When she saw the mannequins I thought she'd flip. Anyway, we handled her easily. There's quite a lot of Margaret, but the handcuffs turned out to be the best investment we ever made. We snapped them on her wrists first thing. After that she did not have a chance.

"You'll both go to prison!"

We gagged her then. No sense in having her uttering dire threats. Margaret is far too fond of her own way, and she's had her own way far too long. That's one of the reasons Della and me—my name's Elaine—decided to teach her a lesson. She knows who we are. But she won't go to the police . . . no way! . . . no way!

Margaret has quite a nice body. When we told her about whipping it she made quite a fuss but quietened down when she discovered how helpless she











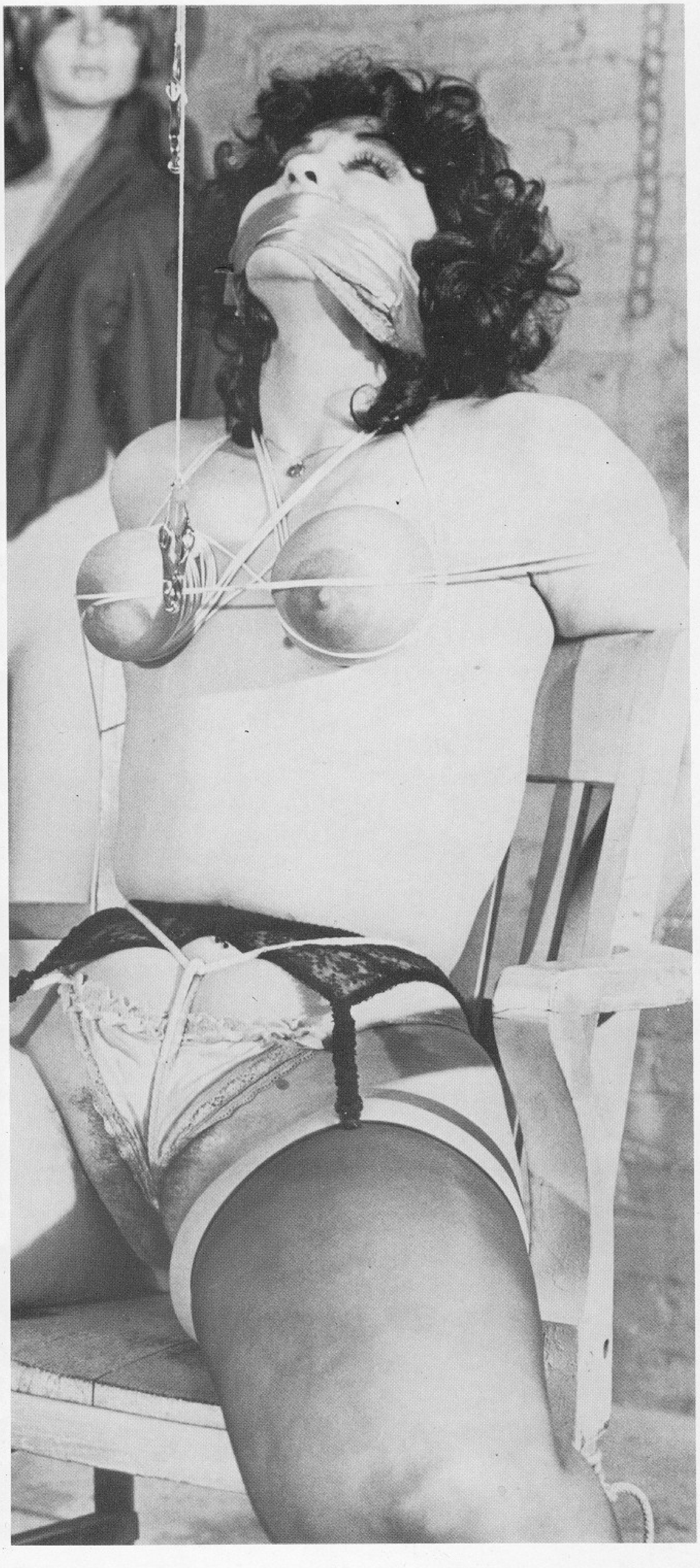


was and after we'd pinched her nipples . . . hard. Having your nipples pinched real hard hurts like crazy. She listened like a frightened rabbit in a cage while we told her of how the whip would leave marks on her lovely skin and how the riding crop would put weals on her bottom. A pair of little bitches you say? Well, she had it coming.

We did quite a lot of things to her while she sat in the chair. Experimental stuff mostly. We'd never possessed a girl prisoner before, and it was all so new and so much fun. Margaret reacted so beautifully. We took the gag out of her mouth for a little while, but she mowed us down with such a storm of threats we put it













right back in her mouth. After that she just glared. Boy, has she got a glare!

Margaret's breasts were Della's idea, but I could see right off it was a honey. Margaret's eyes above her gag told me what she thought of it. Margaret was scared. I hoped she'd feel sorry for all those times she'd high-hatted us.

"First of all you tie ropes around and around their base." Della giggled. "You know, the soft part where they stick out on her breast. Here, you take one and I'll take one."

It was not that easy. But we soon got the hang of it and Margaret's breasts started to bulge and stick out beautifully for their punishment.

"Sort of tuck as much of her breast in under the rope as you can as you tigthen it," Della instructed. "Take lots of time. We want them out a mile."

Poor Margaret. Her eyes were sticking out almost the same way. By the time we were through with her breasts, her nipples were a sight to see, engorged and hard, ripe to be punished. The clamps we'd provided bit into them with inanimate glee. She heaved against the ropes by which we held her captive, then watched us pull her nipples up to a ring in the wall and pull and pull . . . ! When her breasts were far enough under stress we tied them that way and went for coffee. She glared in fury.

Margaret was still there when we got back. So were the clips on her nips. We played around with her breasts a long time before Della came up with: "What say we phone all the boys and tell them to come around and take a look down in the basement?"

I thought it a fine idea. Margaret would melt with shame. I went up and did the phoning. ■









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# HONEY'S PUNISHMENT

I guess I'm a bitch. But I have a thing about Honey's breasts. That's how Honey got her name: "A pair of honeys." They most certainly are. Since Honey herself belongs to me I am free to use them. I do.

Of course, the poor darling was being punished anyway. She'd been bad. I've forgotten what she did, and it doesn't matter. She has no choice but to grin and bear whatever I choose to do to her. I stop her making too much noise by using a gag. A Mistress simply must not tolerate her property complaining all the time while they're being hurt. I keep telling Honey that punishment is hurt, but she seems to always hope I can punish her without pain.

A little suspension does Honey no harm. It is not as drastic as it looks. She gets wide-eyed and uptight about it. But I always keep her handcuffed so she never has anything effectual to say about anything. On those occasions when she is allowed her tongue it goes something like this:

"But, Mistress, you hung me up by my wrists last time."

"Would you prefer your ankles, dear?"

"No, I would not. I don't want to be hung up at all. How about putting me in the little cage? It's very uncomfortable."

The little cage has some merit. After a night in it the poor dear crawls out in the morning all sort of in a ball. It is very cramped. A useful punishment, but no substitute for suspension.

"Then, Mistress, couldn't you tie me to the post? If you tie me real tight, it isn't any fun."

The poor darling is quite right. The post is good. She looks very lovely and suitably forlorn when I

tie her to it and leave her there for the night. But again, it lacks the discipline of suspension. I raise her arms and watch the apprehension in her eyes as she believes her feet about to leave the floor. But I halt in time. What I have in mind today are Honey's breasts. She is not gagged, so when I uncover her twins she moans in dismay.

"Oh, Mistress, not them again!"

"Of course, dear, they're so lovely and I can do such things to them."

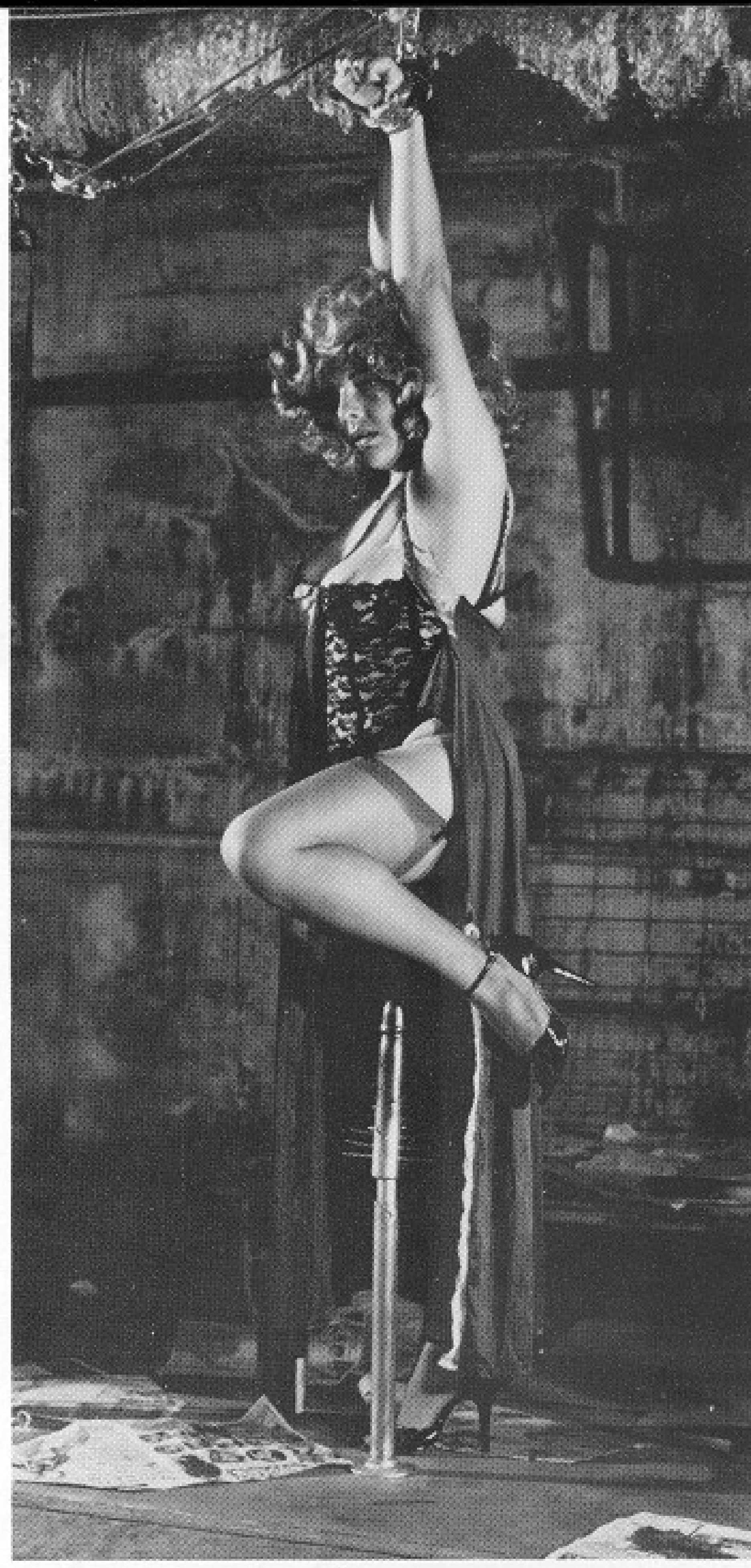
"But you make them look so . . . so . . . ! Please don't."

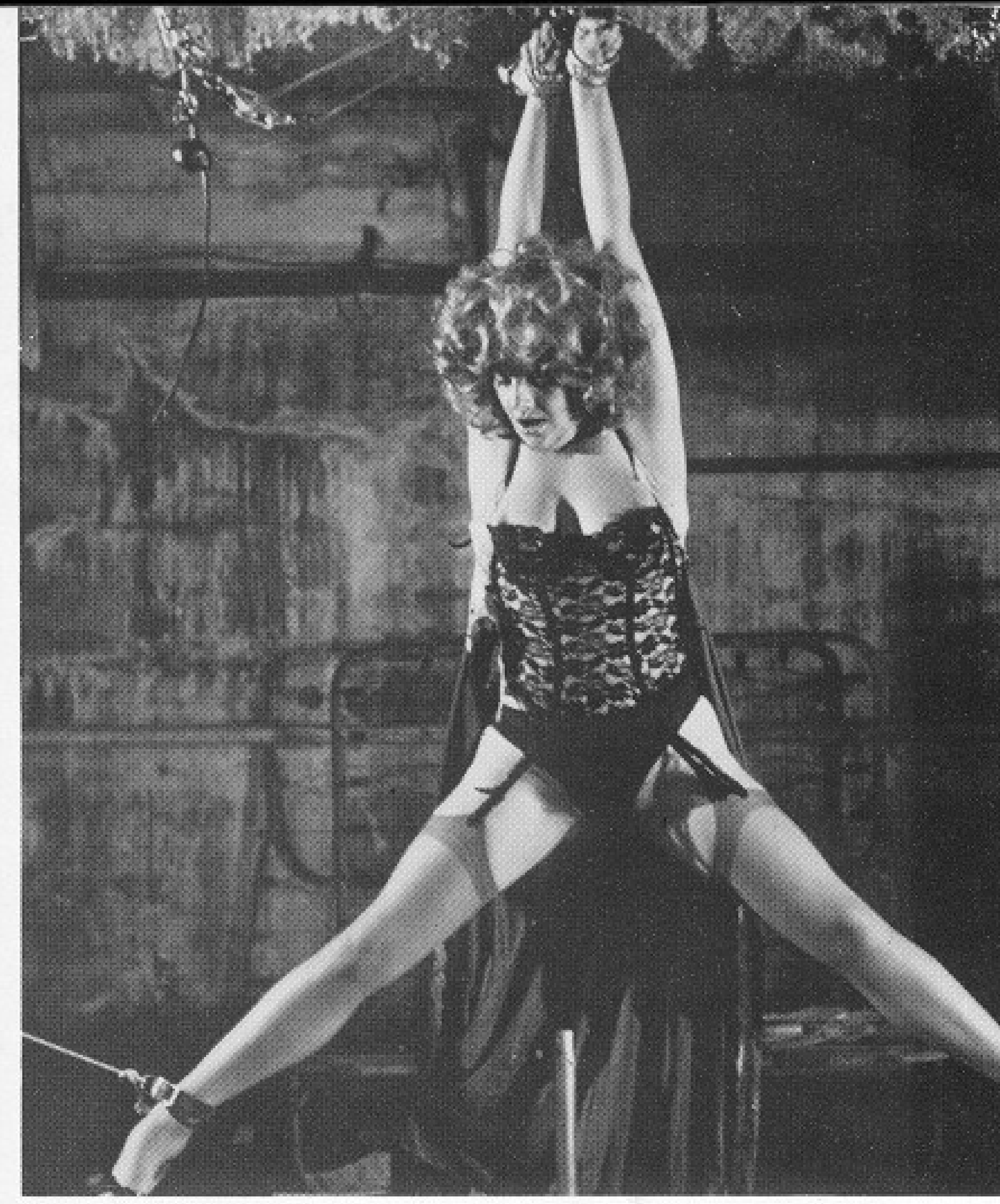
"Would you like to be gagged, darling?"

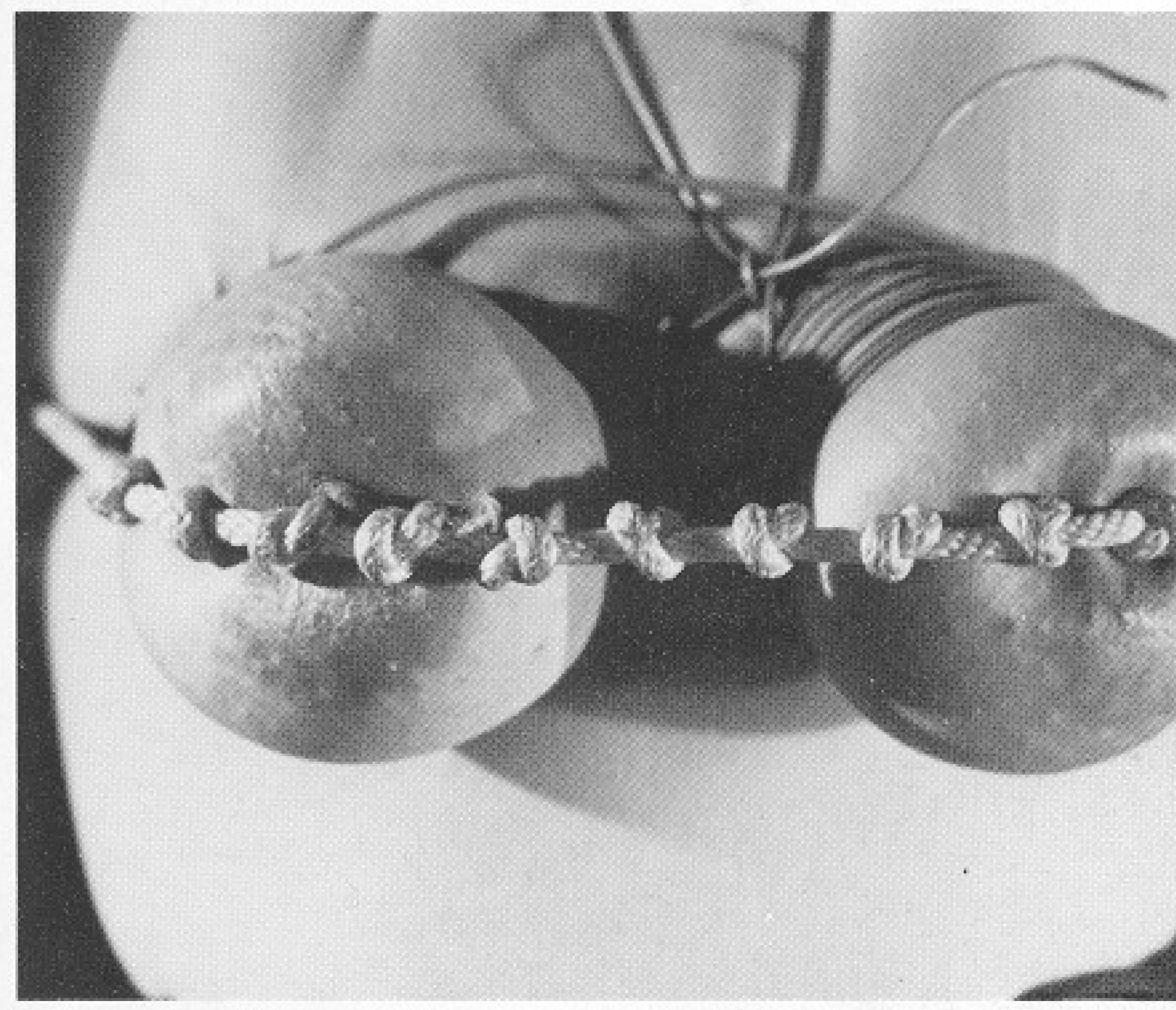
This always silences complaint. It is truly a wonderful thing to be a Mistress! Thoughtfully, I position the first loop around the soft base of the exquisite spheres. I wind and wind and draw tight. Honey gasps and gazes down to share with me the gorgeous spectacle as her breasts bulge out and out. When I have them firmly bound I place a clothespin on each nipple and step back to admire. Under Honey's agitation and her breathing, the clips tremble and quiver up and down. They are a pert enhancement to the curved, taut beauty on which they bite. Honey tries hard not to moan; she does not want the gag. Instead, she gazes down in wonder at these appendages nature did not intend.

Next I tie the tiny loops for her nipples. They are now large and engorged under the stimulous of the clips. They accept the loops easily and I draw each one tight. Honey is becoming more and more concerned. She is certain she is in for some terrible pain. But all I do is tether each nipple to the bar above and draw them up tight. By standing on her toes Honey can ease their stress. It is very tiring for the poor girl. She loves her breasts. I love them too.

I will treasure them. ■









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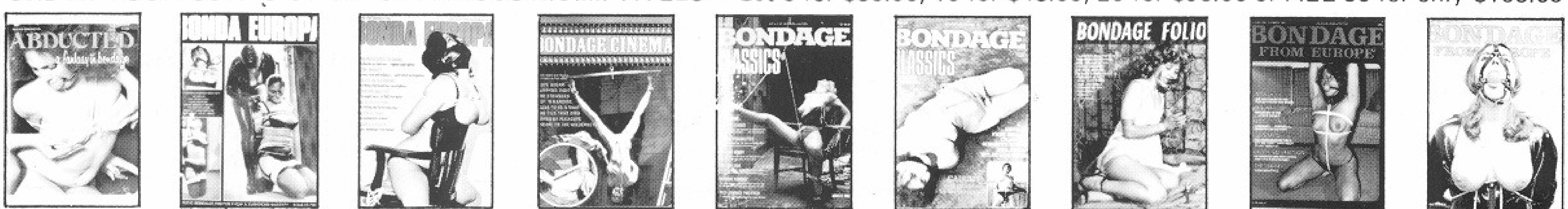

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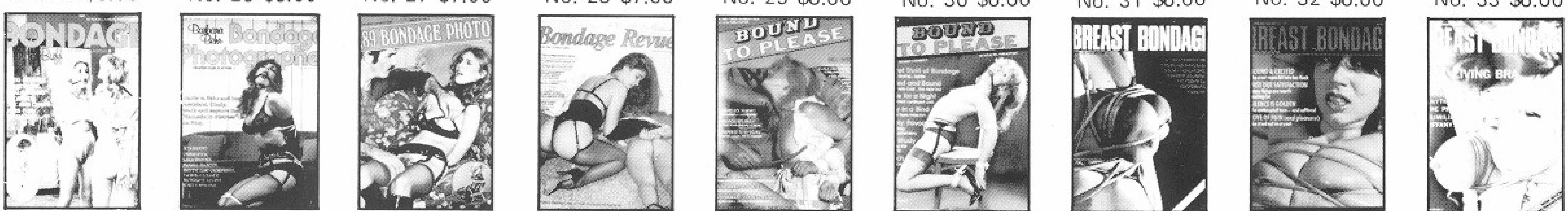

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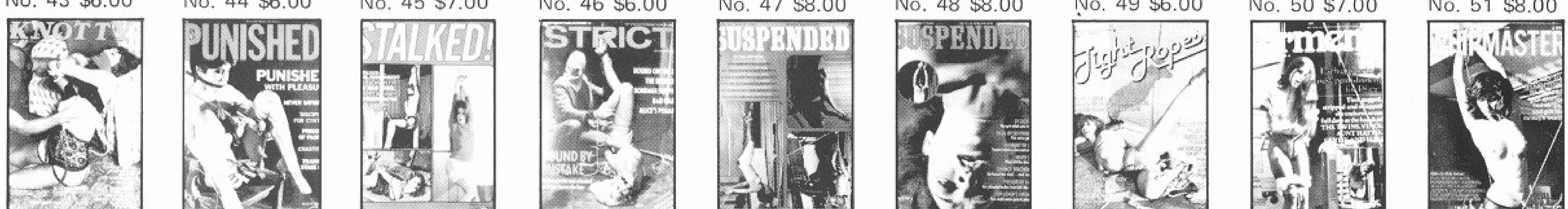

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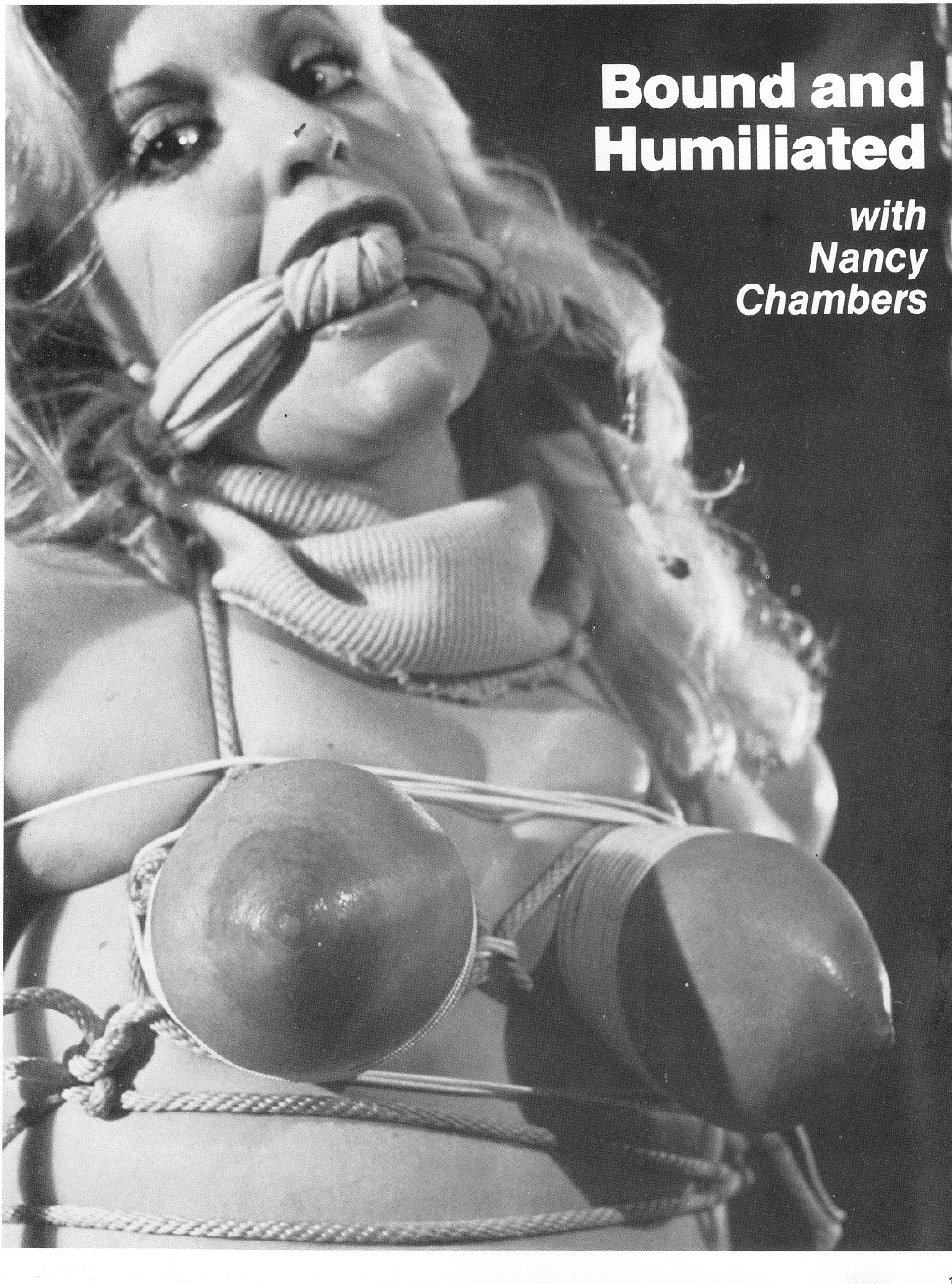
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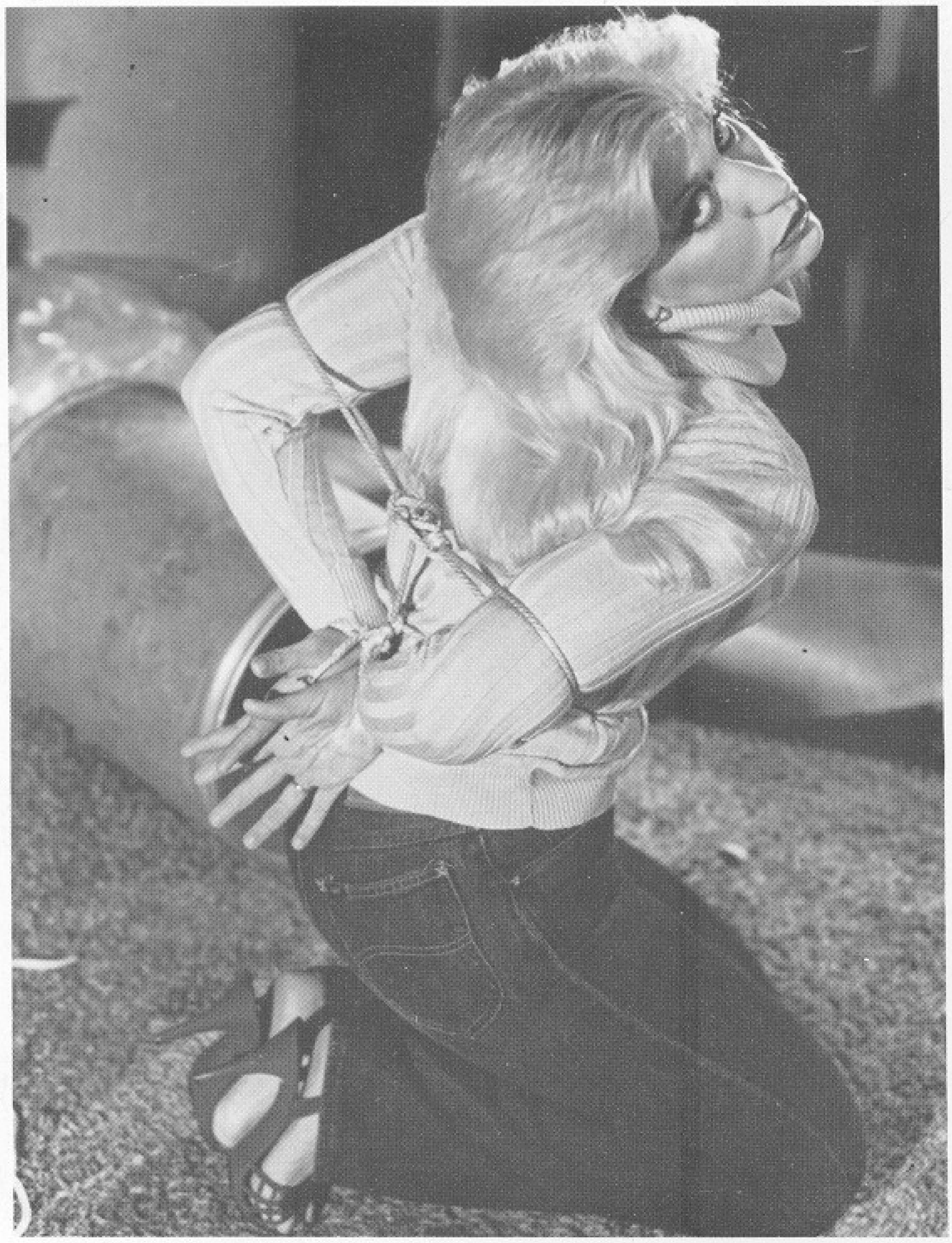
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# Bound and Humiliated

*with Nancy Chambers*







I knelt on the floor and glared at them. That is, when I spared attention from trying to free my hands behind my back. That was back when I still believed it possible. Sure, Becky and Jinny had just tied them, but there was no doubt in my mind I could get loose. It was only a bit of cord, just a bit of cord. . . .

Becky and Jinny stood by and enjoyed the show. I was so mad I did not care. I tore and twisted and tugged. None of it got me free. My hands stayed behind my back in spite of everything.

"Isn't she sweet?" said Jinny.

"She actually thinks she can get herself untied," laughed Becky. "If only the poor dear knew what we have in store for her."

I paused in my struggles long enough to look up at their grinning delight and to demand: "What have you got in store for me? I think you're both crazy."

"Just a few snapshots."

"Bob Baxter wants them. He's in love with your boobs."

That's where I first felt the chill of real apprehension. Jinny and Becky don't matter, but I did not want Bob Baxter seeing me like this. I was so burned up with frustration right then I could have cried. "If you don't untie me this instant . . . !" I struggled helplessly and was stuck for words. I was helpless; there was nothing I could do except pant in fury, and I was already doing that.

"She thinks she can still boss us around."

"Let's get the chain around her neck and start tying her properly."

They sat me on an upturned pail. They ringed my neck with a beastly heavy chain from above. They tied my feet and my knees. All I could do was sit with my head to one side trying to keep breathing. The twins pulled my blouse away and then my bra. They stood back pretending to gasp in envy.

"Aren't they gorgeous!"

"Everyone will buy a set of pictures."

"Don't you dare," I said fiercely. But right there they gagged me and tied my elbows, as well as my hands. This tie hurt.

"Now tie her breasts, the way Bob showed us."

I sat and endured the binding of my breasts. I had not thought it possible but it was. The ropes cut deeper and deeper into their softness and they gulged out and out. I could hardly believe I was looking at two bits of ME—right out there! When they were satisfied, I was made to stand and they freed my wrists for a minute. It did me no good except to enable me to feel the two taut melons I had once thought my inviolate treasures. They were now ripe enough to split. Then my hands were retied and dragged up behind. It was beastly. I had to lean forward, and the two of them lifted my skirt and spanked my bottom. Great fun . . . ! That's where they started taking pictures. They had Bob Baxter's camera, his flash, and a floodlight. I moaned in shame, thinking of who'd be looking at my shame. I'd sooner been plain old naked than like this.

"Round and round and round," said Becky thoughtfully as she added more circles around my flesh.

"Just look at 'em pop out and protrude! Wow!"

Never did two breasts get so much attention or become so huge. I kept looking down in wonder. Talk about way out! I wonder if Bob Baxter will ask me to marry him now. This shouldn't make any difference.

Maybe it will help. ■









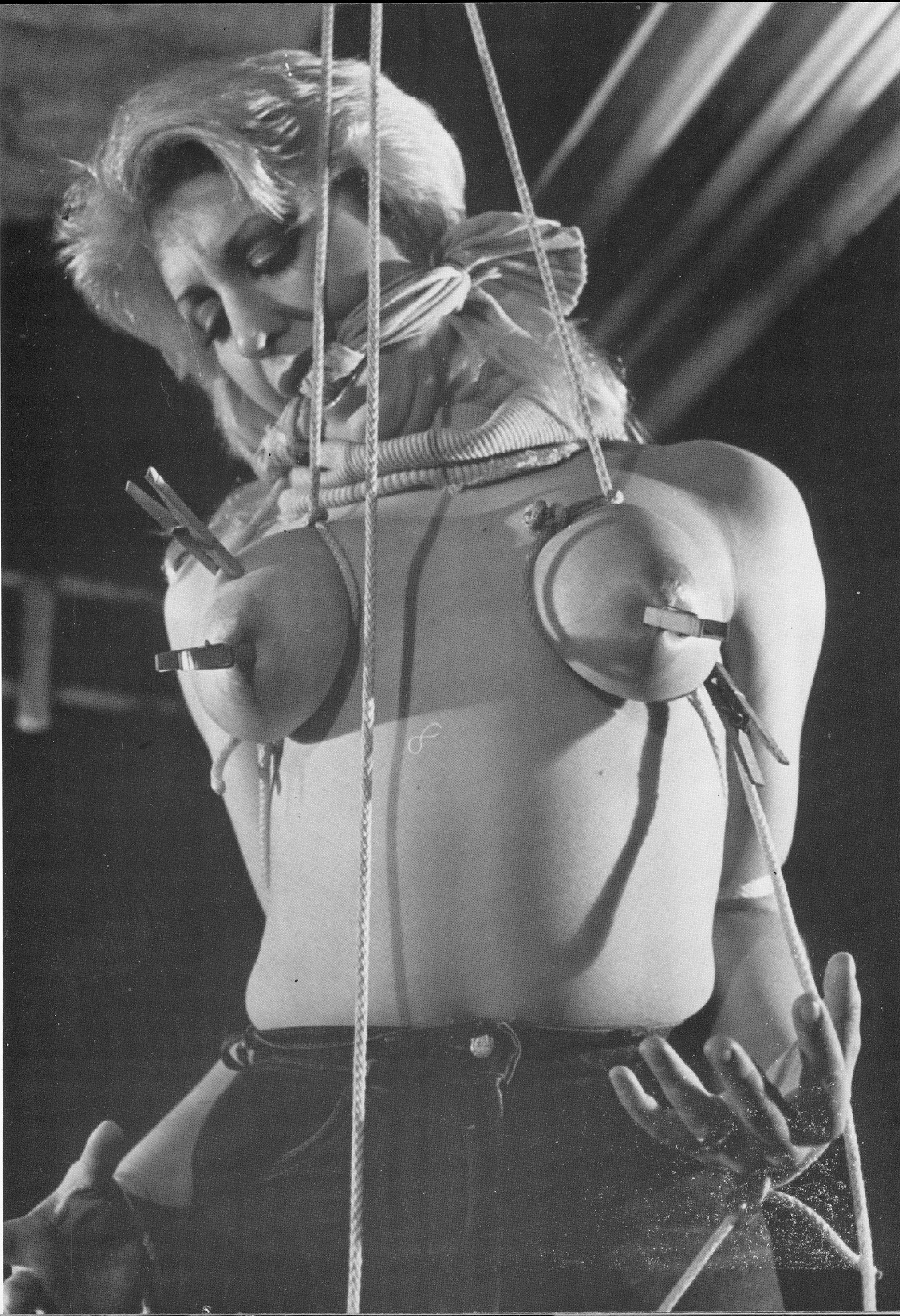


















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Juanita's welcome into the bizarre world of B&D and its punishment and lust. Stripped, gagged & helpless!



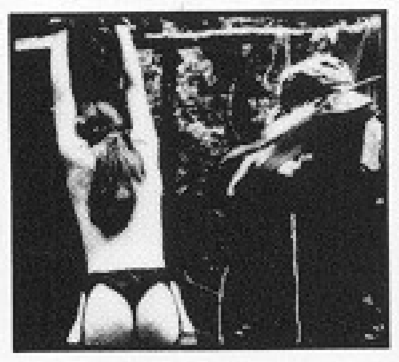
**SERVANT'S QUARTERS**
The resident slave takes her turn at B&D thrills as Nick whips her bare feet.



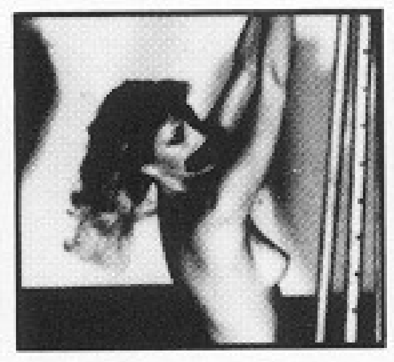
**PUNISHMENT**
Juanita, first whipped with a cat-of-nine tails, then snapped with rubber strips is helplessly bound.



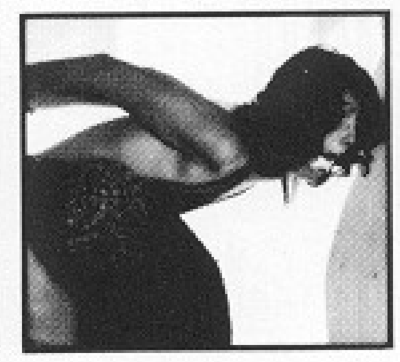
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Rope bondage and teasing bring Juanita into a state of bondage frenzy. Tied, gagged & fulfilled!



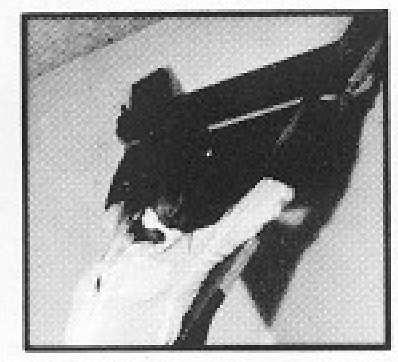
**BOUND IN THE WOODS**
A walk in the woods turned into quite a trip when she wanders upon his campsite!



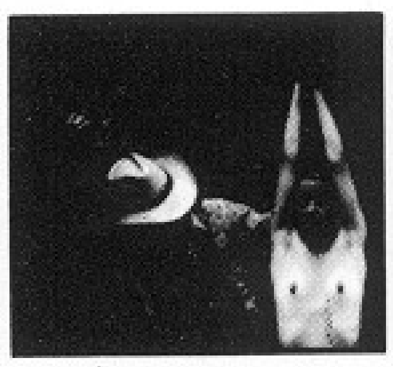
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Five beauties, each tied tighter than the next - squirm in their bonds and moan thru their gags!



**BARNYARD BONDAGE**
Out of gas in the country she stops by a farmhouse and gets a lot more than gas!



**MUFFLED PROTESTS**
He tests the two sisters to see if either can live up to his image of a 'real' woman!



**BONDAGE BY PRESCRIPTION**
Clea's sex life was boring since Tom left — until someone sneaks in and takes her! TOM?



**HARNESSED ENERGY**
Five bound beauties in all their naked lovliness captured on film!



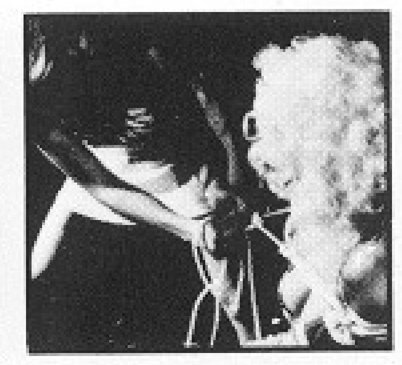
**MASTERED!**
Suzy meets her match! He uses clothes pins and a sound thrashing on the bound lady making her plead!



**SWEET REVENGE**
A quick trip to pick up her divorce papers turns into a B&D session ala mode!



**MASTER'S CHOICE!**
Joanna Link at her best! Naked to a pole, booted and wanton and snug in a single sleeve.



**SORE WINNER**
Marge teaches Sandy how to be a good tennis victor with tight bondage & swats on her bottom!



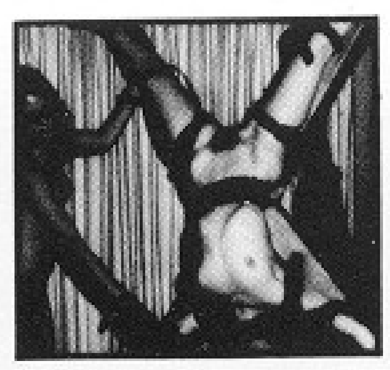
**TURNED TABLES**
Cousin Pete shows Patti what teasing leads to with his effective bondage methods! She learns her lesson!



**ELLEN**
Shot on location in San Francisco starring real S&M people. She is proud of her submission!



**THE SWITCH**
The only thing better than one girl squirming in bondage is two. Our submissive ropes her mistress!



**TRAMP IN CHAINS**
Young, vivacious and angry. She is kidnapped by a stern mistress & meets her master!



**PRINCESS OF ANGUISH**
The Master interupts their lesbian love and metes out their B&D punishments.



**TENDER SISTER SLAVE**
She meets her master and must please him and her sister slave. Tied and helpless!



**THE ROPE DEPARTMENT**
Bondage from beginning to end without one wasted frame. All roped & helpless!



**BREAST BONDAGE**
Jennifer had been bad and the only solution was divorce or punishment.



**SUSPENDED SENTENSE**
Martha's hobby of showing off her leathers in public backfires on her in full B&D form!



**GIRLS IN TROUBLE!**
Three exquisite females in arduous bondage positions showing off their feminine charms!



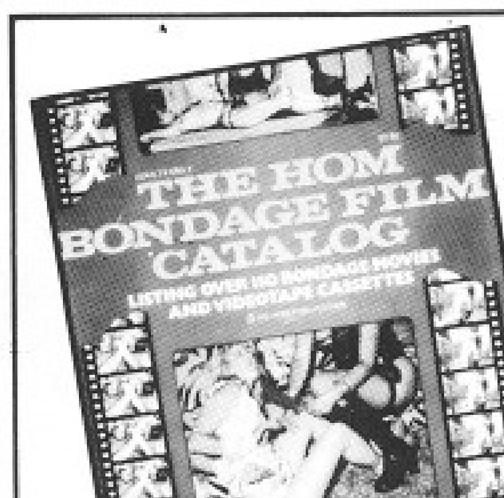
**SURPRISE VISIT**
Cindy loved bondage magazines but it was the surprise of her life when it all came real with the ropes on her!



**ESCAPE TO THE WILDERNESS**
She escaped but what she ran into made her long for the safety of her prison cell!



**SLAVE FOR RENT**
One phone call brings Karen a new toy to play all of her B&D games with.




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# SIGN!

Molly simply wouldn't. After all, she'd lose everything to Don. Since their separation, things had gone downhill fast. Lawyers, arguments, disputes over wedding gifts . . . everything. She wouldn't sign.

She knew she shouldn't have agreed to meet Don in the warehouse after hours . . . but something inside her welcomed the danger . . . wanted the thrill. Molly felt sexy . . . it surprised her. Once inside the dark warehouse, she knew it was all over. Don was waiting for her with ropes. She was bound to a chair in an instant.

Don stood in front of her, threatening things that both scared and excited her. He wanted even more from her than before. He waved the document in front of her face . . . and then pulled out a knife and threatened to cut her blouse. Instead, he pulled it back roughly, revealing her magnificent breasts. Molly had always been proud of her body and now it strained against the bindings.

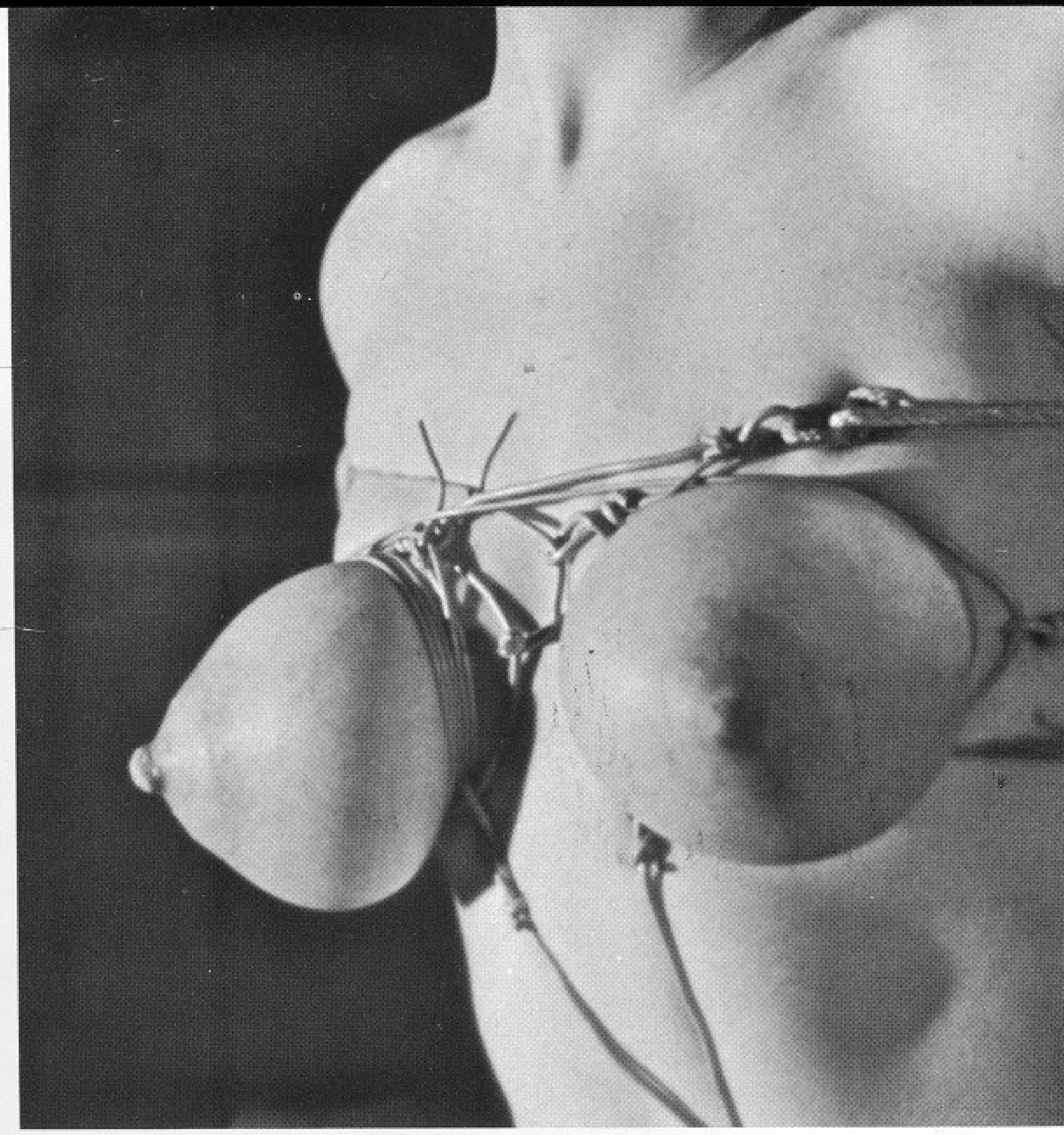
Don changed her position, pulled her to her feet, stretched her arms apart, and secured them overhead. Molly looked over her shoulder at Don . . . who was removing his belt. The first blow went across her ass like a hot knife. She screamed. Don asked her the same question . . . she refused . . . and the blows began to come harder and faster. Don didn't seem to care now what her answer would be.

Molly knew she couldn't take much more when Don untied her and moved her over to the bench. When she looked down, the dildo terrified her. Don held her over it . . . positioned dangerously near its cold tip. Again the question . . . again the same answer. Molly was pushed roughly downward and the cold shaft's power shot to every corner of her being. Then the wire bra . . . which squeezed those magnificent breasts into red globes. Violated . . . punished . . . deformed . . . it was more than she could take.

Don asked her again. She shook her head "yes" . . . a strange sadness crept through her . . . it would soon be over . . . and what a price to pay for something . . . something she'd always remember. ■



***"Sign!" is 50 meters of hot action in vivid color available in Regular or Super 8 for only $30.00.***











# Breasts in Captivity

Remember "the face that launched a thousand ships"? Helen of Troy, wasn't it? No one using the quotation would ever fail to have a secret snicker that Helen's breasts would likely have launched two thousand more. Society frowns on the comparison, but most men, if given the choice, would elect the latter. Breasts are best!

Breasts belong. That they be covered is no more sensible than the Victorian taboo on the ankle or the lace frilled pantaloon which discreetly hid the leg of the piano Half the world has been looking at breasts from the beginning. They still enjoy them.

Breasts are beautiful. In the end it is always beauty by which a thing endures. Beauty and utility are usually synonymous. Covered or bare, the breast will always come into its own. Breasts are exquisitely designed for bondage. The rope and the cord gravitate to the female breast with the same inevitability as toward the ankle or the wrist. To bind a girl is to bind her breasts. A girl's twin loveliness is the feature by which she is most adored and most recognized.

Artists know! Even in mankind's most prudish moments a picture or a portrait included "the bust." The effect often sought was referred to as "draped," which meant a fluffy frill admitting the existence of something desirable underneath, whilst denying its contours. The Greeks did it better. Breast Bondage does it with total honesty and a keen appreciation of the glory of those twin treasures over and across which we bind the ropes. A girl is a girl is a girl! And a girl's breasts . . . ! Well, what would she be without them. Tie them tight in beauty. . . . □



# Bondage Spectacular!

## Two Widely Acclaimed Videotapes in Six Sensational Movies!

For those of you that missed the videotapes of **The Story of K** or **The Perils of Prunella**, here's great news - you can now have them both in regular 8 or super 8 film! *Alas, we can't bring you the sound with its mouth-watering moans* but we *can* offer you **ALL** of the exciting action of SM practitioners exploring their intense SM relationships.

*As a special bonus we are offering three films for $75* ***Or Get All Six For Only $150!***




**An SM Reality**

A sylvan scene of sensuous slavery. In a natural setting as lovely as the girl herself, a man and a girl explore the delights of roped submission, of a girl bound in helplessness to please The Male. She is immobilized to writhe in ecstasies of sensation beneath his cunning hands, to gasp and moan her responses to the summer wind, and to heave and thrust against the strictures in her skin as knowing hands reveal and explore the naked secrets of a girl.

**K101 Reg/Sup/$30.00**




**SM Intensity**

Lesbian lust in a purity rarely seen! The delicious punishment of the spanking palm, the delightful kiss of submission, the binding to the torture pole where the wicked feather is the only instrument of torment, where the slim thongs of the stinging pussy whip snap up between the wide spread thighs . . . ! Then, in sweet realization, the binding bench and the snapping slap of paddled buns, the gasping glory of a female heart's desire.

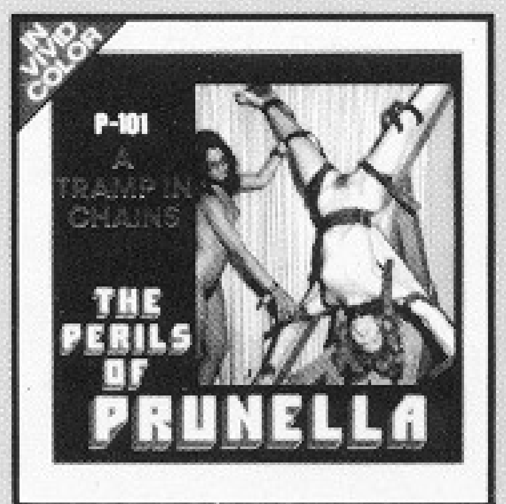
**K102 Reg/Sup/$30.00**




**Queen of Servitude**

A girl kneels naked before a man, bound helplessly by cord and conduct to his will. She is sentenced to a punishment more bizarre than the screen has ever seen, the torment of the forty pins. 'k.' is helplessly spreadeagled for the strangest punishment a girl has ever known. Released, she is suspended by wrists and ankles to become the plaything of a man and a girl, propelled into swinging motion by stinging paddle slaps upon her naked rump.

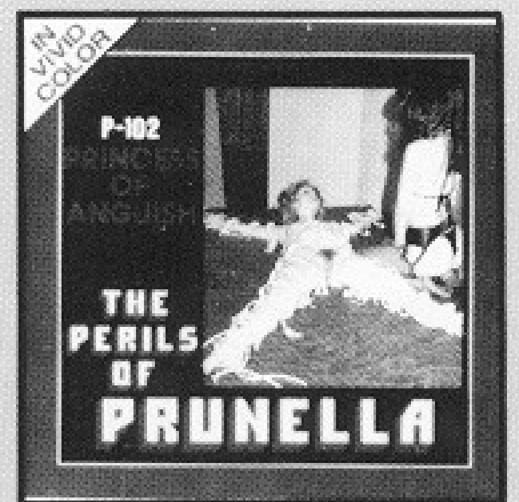
**K103 Reg/Sup/$30.00**




**A Tramp in Chains**

An immaculate blonde returns from tennis to find her kidnapers waiting in her apartment. But Prunella is young and she is angry. She fights like a tigress, even handcuffs fail to daunt her spirit. But in the folds of a sleeping bag she loses her clothes and her freedom, and as a neat nude package of girl, is delivered to the waiting Man. Prunella has already met with her demanding Mistress, now she meets her stern, disciplinarian Master!

**P101 Reg/Sup/$30.00**




**Princess of Anguish**

It begins with lesbian love, a girl spread wide and bound tight, and the questing fingers and hungry tongue of the damsel who risks her Master's anger to slake her thirst upon a naked girl. One is handcuffed with her arms round a post to await her penalty, the other is taken to the punishment of hanging by her heels with handcuffed hands tightly belted to her belly. And then the ultimate anguish of an inflatable gag within Prunella's mouth.

**P102 Reg/Sup/$30.00**




**Tender Slave Sister**

Emerging from the smothering bag in which she was delivered, thus begins Prunella's slavery. Suspended by her elbows from a bar, or standing on a block with widespread arms bound as to a cross, we watch Prunella with all the sinuous nudity of feminine revolt. Yoked at neck and wrists, Prunella stands with ankles firmly trapped below, her nakedness vulnerable to the mischief of female hands against which there is no defense.

**P103 Reg/Sup/$30.00**

## Still Available ~ The Videotapes That Swept the Marketplace!



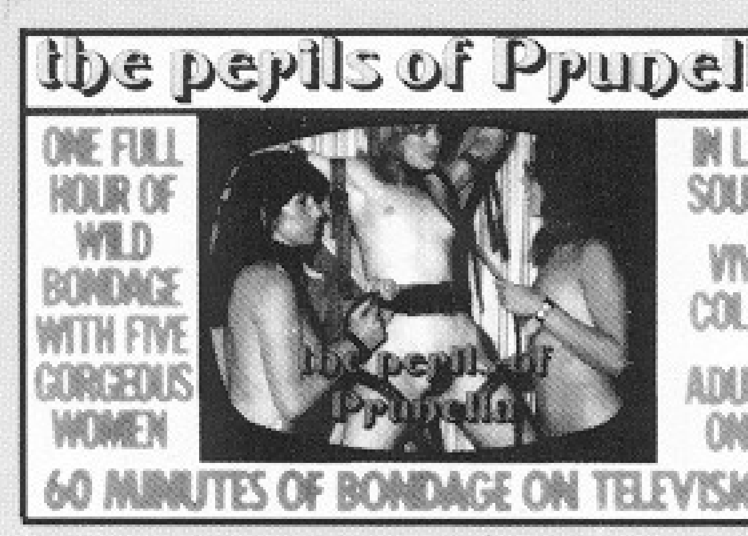

Through the love and trust she feels for her Master, "Kathy" is transformed into the slave "k." An awesome, realistic SM film experience that has become a highly treasured classic.

A young woman is led into the world of SM. She likes the excitement and sensuality,

### The Story of k

also the undivided attention of her Master focusing on her every response in their SM play. She becomes totally submissive to his will. The painful initiation Ceremony and Slave Whipping scenes are incredibly intense. The entire cast consists of real SM practitioners, and they explore the deep and intense emotional relationship between Master and slave. Only $99.

This is the story of a young girl and her initial journey into the exciting world of submission, and the techniques are




### The Perils of Prunella

varied. The motive is to take a whining, snivelling, hot trotting little blond bitch and teach her some manners. Prunella is a sharp tongued, pert and sassy ass-wiggling little pest. As the film progresses, four experienced and beautiful women take a crack at taming the wench.

She is trapped, shackled and tied in an incredible marathon of bondage, subjugation and servitude by her four skimpy clad Mistresses. They utilize such devices as the rotating "X" frame, a bondage cross and a stretching rack! Prunella is truly a hot little bitch and you are sure to enjoy her training, not to mention her sexy trainers! Don't fail to miss it! Only $99.

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# VICTOR

by Lee St. Mark

**B**obbi Wong had been growing closer to Ron Houston for weeks. She'd have been crazy not to, she thought, because he was everything she could want: handsome, intelligent, rich, physically fit. She didn't know how she could be lucky enough to attract him, but there was no doubting the powerful magnetism they both felt.

Some girls Bobbi's size would have been doubtful about someone Ron's size. Ron was just over six and a half feet of grisly muscle, while Bobbi inherited her size from her father's side of the family. She stood just over four feet ten, although, in all fairness, every inch was beautifully sculpted. And she knew how to make the best of her slightly exotic Eurasian beauty. Her raven hair rippled to her waist and she emphasized her almond-shaped black eyes and beautiful facial structure. And Bobbi wasn't afraid of Ron's size. She wasn't an easy lay, but she was no nun either. She knew her healthy, sensual nature would be able to overcome the size differential if the need arose.

This Friday was special. Somehow she just knew it would be, so she dressed carefully in her very best. The white silk Mandarin gown and the expensive silken lingerie. She deliberately made herself more fragile, more desirable than ever before.

And the evening was perfect! A nationally aclaimed play, hors doeuvres at a champaign supper, subtle, exhilirating conversation. She loved Ron's brilliant mind, and she knew he respected hers, and she also knew they both knew what would happen this evening.

He was driving her home when she turned to him, her voice soft.

"Ron, I don't want you to think I'm cheap. I've played around some, sure, but I'm no roundheels. I'd really like to go home with you tonight."

"You would?" He grinned delightedly. "I've been trying to think how to ask you all night!"

And they laughed delightedly together.

Ron took her to his "country place." She'd never seen it before, but she fell in love on sight. It was a small house, near the coast, rustic and simple, but beautifully furnished. He lit a huge fire and they sat before it, sipping wine. Neither felt in any hurry.

He took her on a tour of the house and she loved everything she saw. In the library, she finished her wine and he went to get her more. She wandered the book cases, examining his taste in authors. She heard him returning as she pulled out a quarto sized book.

"What's this?" she asked. "It looks like—OHH!"

She broke off in shock. It was a huge, expensive, beautiful book of pornography. And not just any pornography! It showed beautiful girls and women, all of them helplessly bound. Her nipples popped erect as she stared at the strenuous positions. She looked at Ron in amazement.

"Ron? Is this—is this yours?"

"Yes." The word was strangled. He looked ashen-faced and shaken. "I didn't want you to see that," he said wretchedly.

"Why not?"

*"Why not?!* Doesn't it revolt you? Don't you think it's sick?"

"Should I?" Her calm astounded her. "It's only a collection of pictures, and I recognize quality photography when I see it."

"You're not disgusted I like it?" Ron stared in disbelief.

"Ron, there are many sorts of people in the world Tell me, have you actually *done* this?"

"Once or twice," he said unwillingly. "With—with whores."

"I see." His admission shook her, but she went on. "Did you injure them?" He shook his head vigorously. "Well, the way I see it, what you do is your business, if the other person agrees. I mean, you're a nice guy. You're considerate. You're a very gentle man. If you want to do this kind of thing, why should I condemn you?"

Ron sank into a chair in shock. His jaw hung. Then he laughed.

"Damn! You're the *first* woman who ever understood! So I'm into bondage—big deal. You don't think it's some kind of moral crime. Bobbi, you're terrific!"

"Terrific? No. I just try to understand before I condemn, Ron."

"Really?" His face brightened. "You really want to understand?"

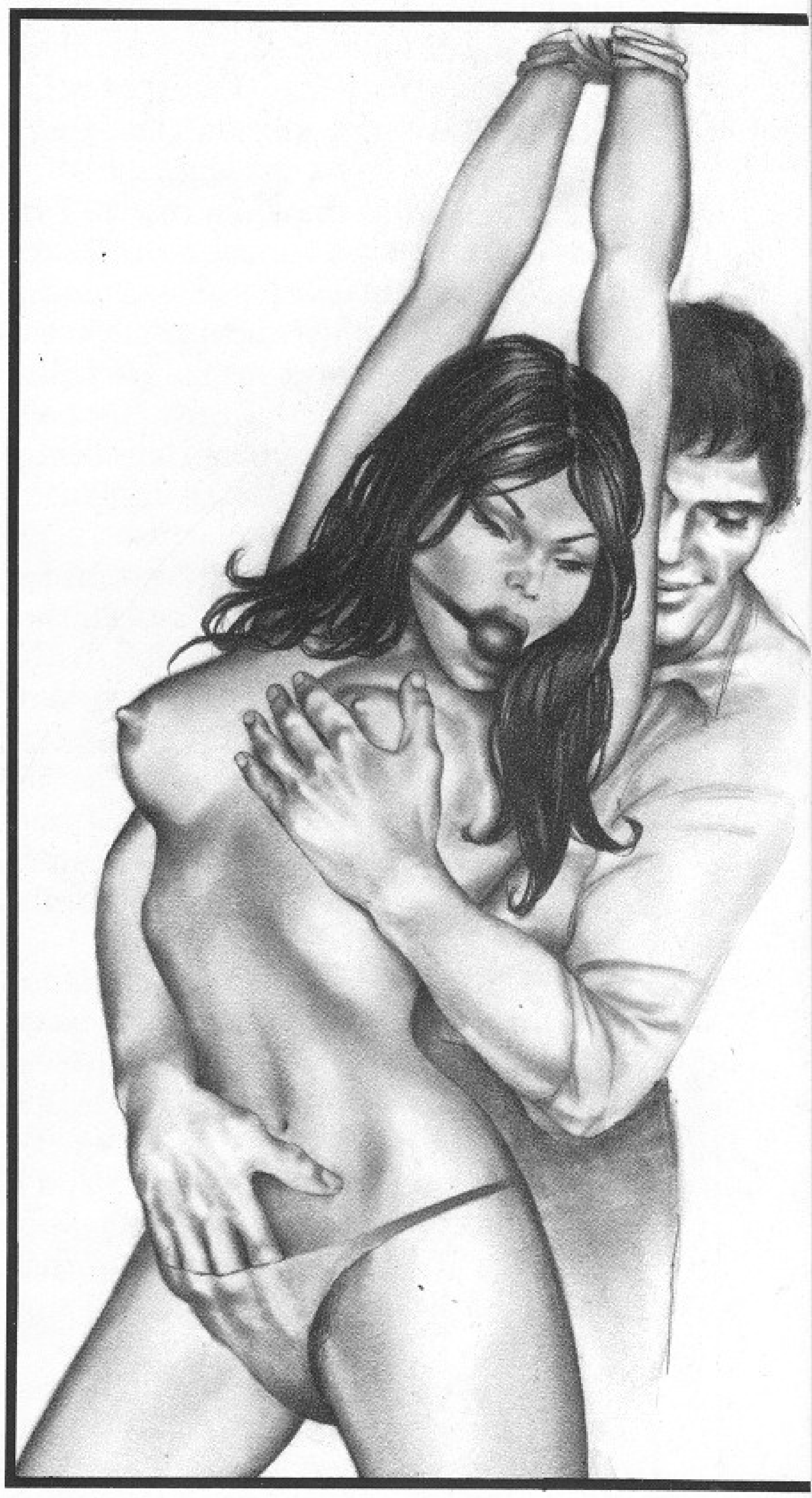
"Now, Ron—" Bobbi began. She suddenly realized what she'd said! He must think—! But then, that was what *she* was thinking, wasn't it? "You mean you want me to—to—" She pointed at the book.

"Only if you want to." He spoke calmly, but she saw his hurt, as if a friend were turning out less understanding than he had thought.

"You wouldn't hurt me? You'd stop if I asked?" He nodded and Bobbi drew a breath. "Well, we were going to bed anyway, weren't we? Why not?"

"Lady, you're fantastic! Come with me!"

Bobbi couldn't believe what she was agreeing to! She'd never considered such a thing, but the idea was strangely compelling. She followed him into the bedroom almost eagerly. On one hand, bondage frightened her, but it also excited her strangely. And this was Ron, the man she thought she loved. If she could't trust him, who *could* she trust?



The sight of Ron's alarming collection of ropes, chains, leather straps, blindfolds, and other devices sobered her briefly. She swallowed.

"Better take off your dress, Bobbi. We wouldn't want to tear it."

"No, we wouldn't, would we?" she said, her mouth dry. In for a penny, in for a pound, she thought, and stripped the dress off. She felt terribly exposed in her delicate lingerie, for she was richly built for her size and the silk barely confined her luscious charms. She saw the brightness in his eyes, and it scared her, but she saw a reassuring tenderness, too.

"What now?" She tried to sound light and unconcerned."

"I tie you up." Ron's voice was slightly hoarse. "You're the submissive. You do whatever the dominant—me—demands. But I must always be careful not to injure you, and you must trust me not to."

"That makes sense," she said. "How—where do you want me?"

"Just hold out your hands and cross your wrists," he said.

Bobbi licked her lips and did so. He laced rope quickly around her delicate wrists. Bobbi's crotch dampened and her nipples stung achingly as the hemp tigthened. What a turn-on! Or was it fear?

Ron led her to the room center. Eye-bolts in the ceiling—hammock hooks for summer, she thought—gleamed down. Ron looped the wrist rope through one of them and rasied her hands. He pulled them a little high, shifting her to the balls of her feet, but she bit her lip in silence. The helplessness was doing too many things to her libido!

Ron knelt to fasten a bar between her ankles. She stared down, watching her breasts tremble to her breathing as he lashed her feet, spreading them a yard apart. It was an uncomfortable stretch for someone her size and she felt a delicious shudder of terror as she felt how open and vulnerable she was. Air brushed her satin thighs and she shivered.

"To do this right—" Ron sounded calm, but his breathing was fast. "—we should use a gag."

"But if you gag me—" Bobbi felt fear. "—how could I stop you?!"

"That's one reason to use it .You'll have to communicate only with your body. But if you want me to stop, just shake your head and then nod. I'll stop right away. Promise!"

It was a little late for second thoughts, Bobbi thought. She was already bound and helpless! She nodded acceptance and Ron kissed her tenderly. Then he showed her the leather ball gag, explaining it. She eyed it doubtfully, aware of the growing ache in her shoulders. The ball looked awful big! But whe he raised it, she opened her lips.

She blinked as he forced it in. God! It was *huge!* Her jaws popped painfully as he cinched it tight, yanking it deep. But once in place, the discomfort eased—some—and Bobbi's soupy crotch swelled with arousal! Helplessness, it seemed, was a powerful turn-on!

Ron's hands roamed her body, stroking and fondling. Bobbi trembled delightedly, shuddering wantonly as he brushed fire across her skin. She crooned to the gag, a muffled, helpless sound that inflamed her further. She began to pant, her eyes brilliant, as he loosened her bra. He broke the shoulder straps to free them and she didn't care. Anything was fine with her, as long as he kept stroking her passion!

He touched her stiff nipple and she sobbed, shudders of electricity darting through her. The dark towers ached, burning with hard excitement. She writhed in delighted torment as his hands slid down, brushing the firmness of her fluttering belly, stroking her pelvic ridges. His fingers dipped into her panties and she shuddered wantonly, keening blissfully as he stroked her petals and pressed the nubbin of her clitoris. Her eyes closed in pleasure as he inserted a fingertip gently and her hips spasmed, impaling her channel more deeply. Ron grinned and lowered his mouth to her nipples, sucking and licking, and she thought she'd die of pleasure!

He ripped out the side panel of her panties, the expensive silk less than nothing to them both. They fell open, hanging from her left hip, and he knelt to nuzzle her syruppy folds, kissing, licking. She threw back her head, jerking uncontrollably in pleasure.

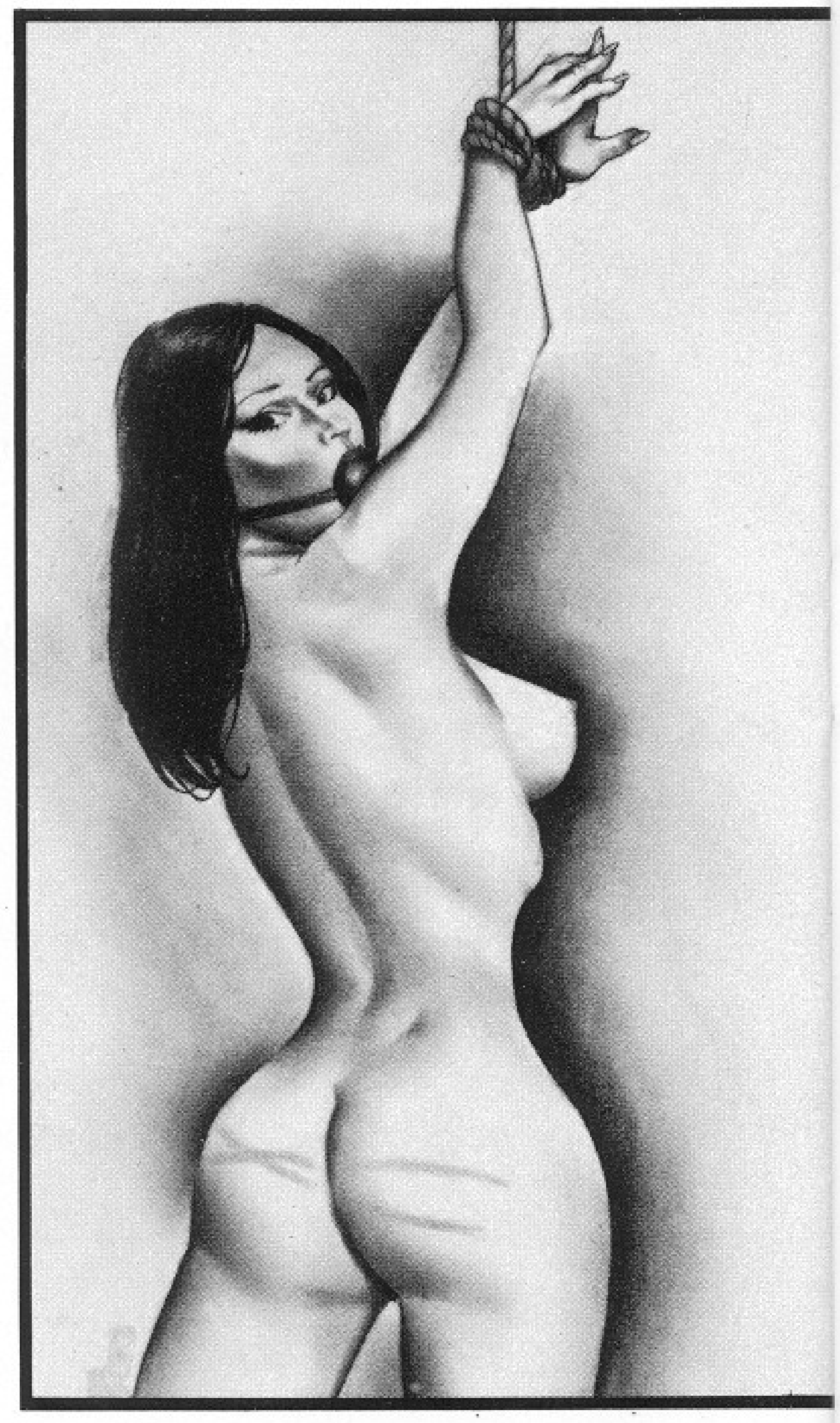
He stood to remove his clothing. She watched hungrily, the ache in her shoulders worse, burning deep to touch the upsurge of her lust. His muscular body was beautiful—a tanned giant beside her creamy softness. She moaned in fear and anticipation at the lordly length of his massive cock. It was huge! And *how* she wanted it!

Ron meant to give it to her. She felt a renewed spurt of fear sweat as he pulled on the rope. She groaned deeply, pain momentarily swamping pleasure, as he hoisted her higher. Her feet left the floor and she swayed from her wrists, spinning slowly, writhing from her burning shoulders, but she understood. She was too short to fuck with her feet on the floor. She thought about asking down, but rejected the thought instantly.

He came to her quickly, turning her to face him. He gripped her hips, raising her, and some of the weight left her arms. Then he pressed against her, his cock sliding gently into her throbbing opening.

Bobbi moaned at her sensations! She could no longer separate pain and pleasure. They were too thoroughly mingled. *Every* sensation burned with unnatural intensity! She'd never been so sensitized! She whimpered and pushed towards him as he stretched and opened her, sliding deeper into her slippery, eager depths.

Ron released her hips and she hung, her weight pressing his cock against her



burning clitoris. She sobbed with pain and need, humping helplessly. He grinned and pushed her away, one hand in the small of her delicate back. Her full weight hung from the ceiling, the rope creaking, as he swung her back and forth. Every forward swing took his hot erection a little deeper into her demanding core.

Bobbi drifted in a world of passionate pain. She was his toy, his playthging. He could do whatever he wished. He was using her for his pleasure, yet he pleasured her simultaneously! She was a possession, a sex object, but so was he. It cut both ways. If he wanted her enough to bind her, capture her, then she must be precious to him indeed! She writhed, gripped by passions she'd never imagined, feeling her belly smoulder with the beautiful, terrifying fire blazing in her womb!

He moved her faster, faster and harder. Her hands were numb and cold, her wrists burned in circles of stinging hemp, her shoulders screamed in pain, but that was nothing compared to the fire of their joined bodies. She moaned and squealed, squeezing him, massaging him, gripping with the hot, wet velvet of her flesh. Nothing existed but their pleasure.

He twitched in her imprisoning depths. Bobbi laughed dreamily in her mind. She was his prisoner, but he was imprisoned within her, so who was the

captive? Her own fires roared in response, and he adjuted their speed, driving deeper. He sensed her mounting passion and wanted their pleasure to mingle. God, he was wonderful! Wonderful!

She sparked. Her body arched, writhing from side to side below her roped wrists. She bucked, eyes bulging, and he rode with her. Orgasm roared—a jagged mountain summit spitting fire to the clouds! Burst after burst flashed like lightning, and her muscles slammed tight about him. She heard him groan, and then his seed flooded her like fire, scorching her, searing her with unendurable pleasure! She keened triumphantly, riding the lightning of lust like a goddess, and he answered her cry for cry, thrust for thrust!

The explosions faded like distant thunder and Bobbi sighed. Her body crawled with pain from her suspension, but it was good pain, loving pain. She stared at him tenderly above the gag, and he licked her forehead delicately.

"Was it good?" he whispered, and she hodded. "Want more?" She nodded. "Then it's time for me to really master you, love," he whispered.

Her eyes widened. If he hadn't mastered her, what came next? Her gaze followed him to the closet, and she whined in protest as he returned with a long, flexible rod. He bent it like a fencing master and his eyes—deeply tender and demanding—burned her.

"If you don't want it, tell me," he said, brushing her thighs with the leather-cased spring steel. "But please, Bobbi, try it first!"

Bobbi shivered. Suddenly she was all too aware of her present pain and the thought of more terrified her. But what they'd already done had been so *good!* Surely she could try a little more. She nodded softly.

Ron kissed her fluttering navel gently, his tongue darting. Then he moved behind her. Bobbi's hands fisted and her toes curled, her firm, silken ass quivering in fearful anticipation. She'd never been beaten in her lift!

The rod hissed. Bobbi spasmed, bucking, her whine rising shockingly in her own ears as white fire scorched her. She wailed as her proud ass welted, yet he had not hit her very hard. She writhed, and he slashed her again, crossing the welts. She screamed in her nose, writhing in pain, and he stopped, kissing the hollow of her spine while she shuddered helplessly. But the next lash laid fire on the same spot and she screamed helplessly, kicking madly. Her body spun in a slow circle and he let her down, lashing whatever part of her her swaying struggles presented.

Bobbi screamed and fought. She forgot the signal to stop—yet she wouldn't have used it if she'd remembered. Her soul flamed under the new stimulus. It was pain, sheer, unadulterated pain, yet she craved it as much as she crave the pleasure! Her brain rocked as she intuitively grasped the answer. The pain, the beating, demonstrated his complete mastery. There could be no question who owned who, and that underscored the helplessnes which had so inflamed her before!

Firm flesh bounced, satin skin welting and puffing, as the demon lover of the rod kissed her again and again. She felt something stir within her, deep and hidden. My God, she thought wildly, I'm coming again! *Coming because of pain!*

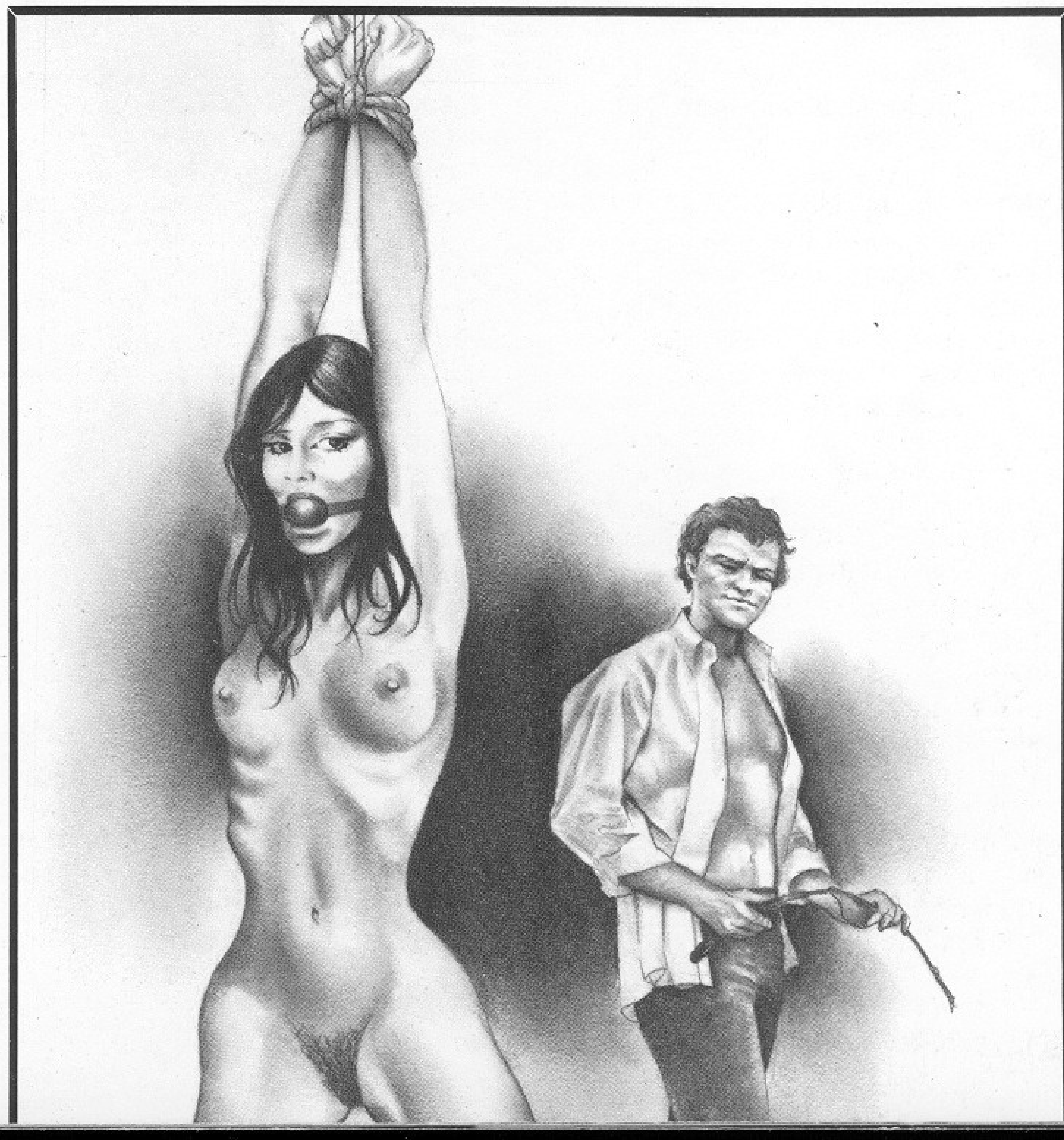
And she was. She convulsed madly, writhing from side to side, accepting the pain in the core of her being, spasming in mad orgasm. Ron recognized it at once, and he dropped the whip. He grabbed her from behind, imprisoning her thrashing body. His thumbs dipped into her crevice, opening her ass, and she screamed in the gag as she realized what he wanted.

He slammed into her asshole and she shrieked in pain. She'd never been used there! It was too small an opening! He'd kill her! White hot pain consumed her. She squealed at the sensation, her skin writhing and jerking, but she was helpless and he drove deep, deep, reaching into her bowels.

And, unbelievably, even *that* exploded in her as passion! Her eyes stared in disbelief as she recognized the renewed rumbles of orgasm. It wasn't possible! Not so soon! But it happened. She exploded afresh, howling through the gag in sheer pleasure, the pain banished, while his scalding sperm baptized her bowels. . . .

Later—much later—he took her down. She was weak and shaken, throbbing in every muscle and joint, but not once had she asked him to stop. She would never ask him to stop. He had conquered her, showing her things she had never suspected about herself, doing unmentionable things to her, and making her love them. She was his, for he was the victor, and to the victor belonged the spoils.

Yet Bobbi was well content as she curled beside him, her head cradled on his powerful chest. He made her feel small and weak, female and owned, and he could possess her as long as he wished. But that was all right, because she had conquered him as well. She had met his needs with her own, matched her wants to his. They were both victors and their spoils were one another. ■

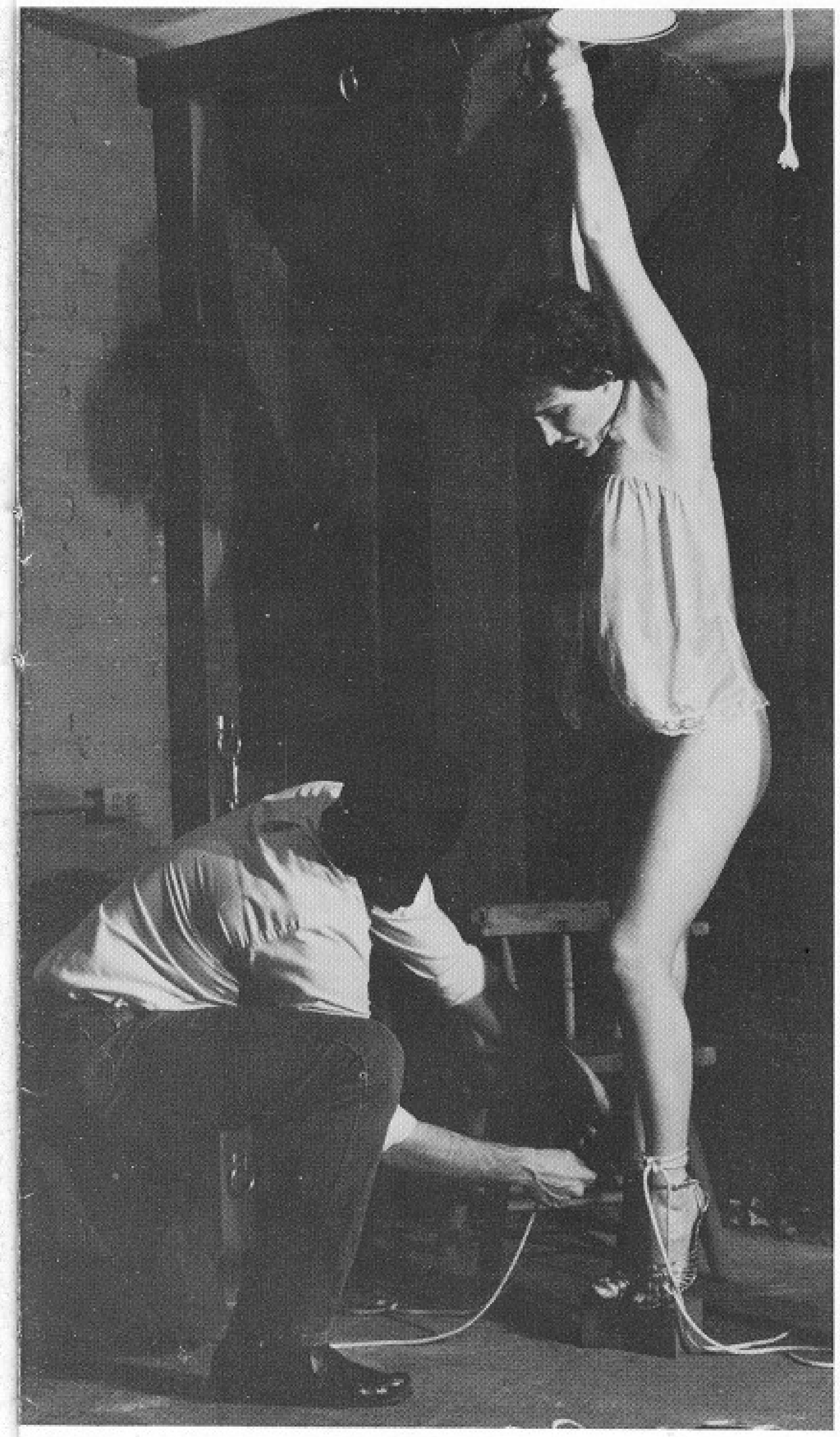


# THE TIE THAT BINDS

*with Sandy Cole*

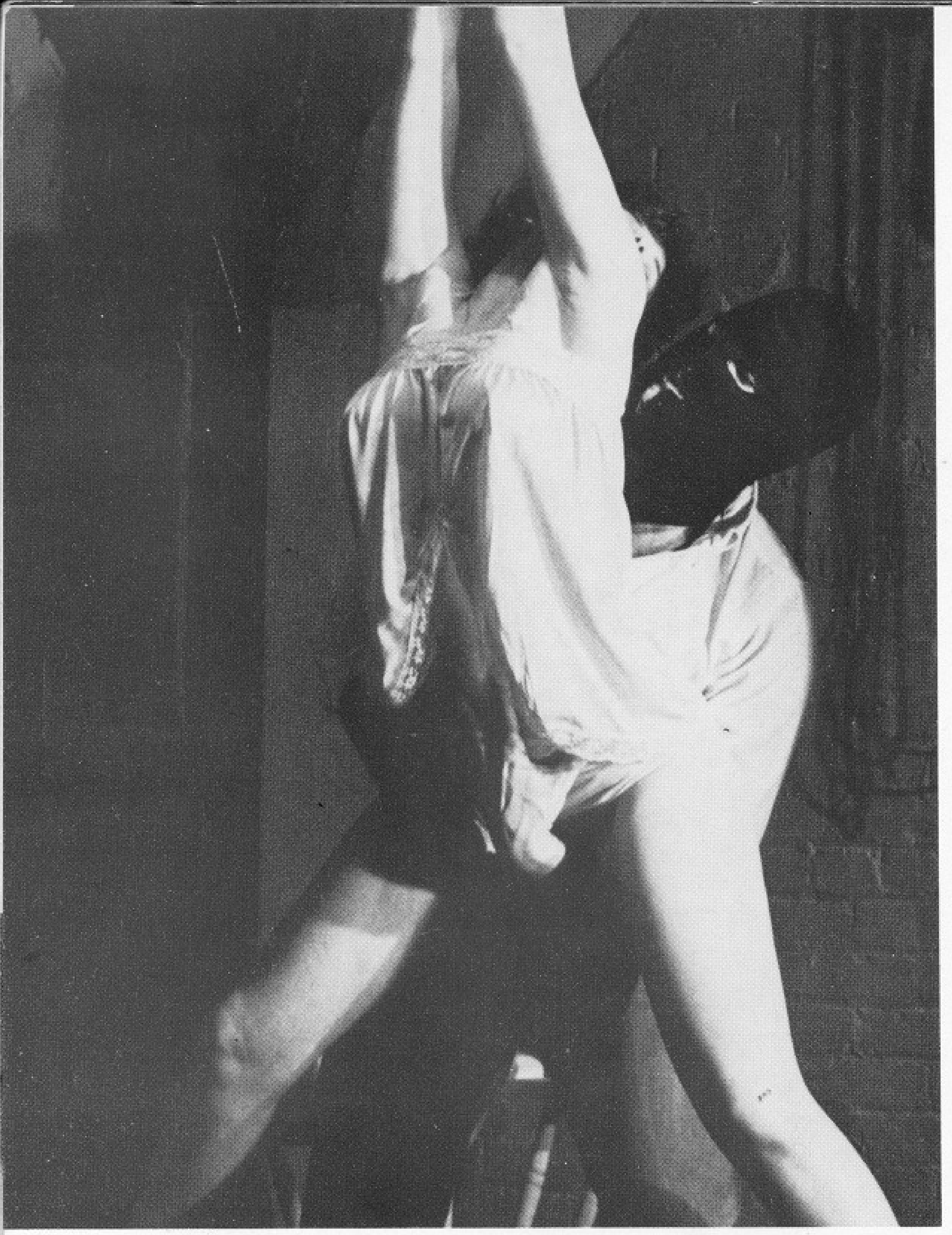


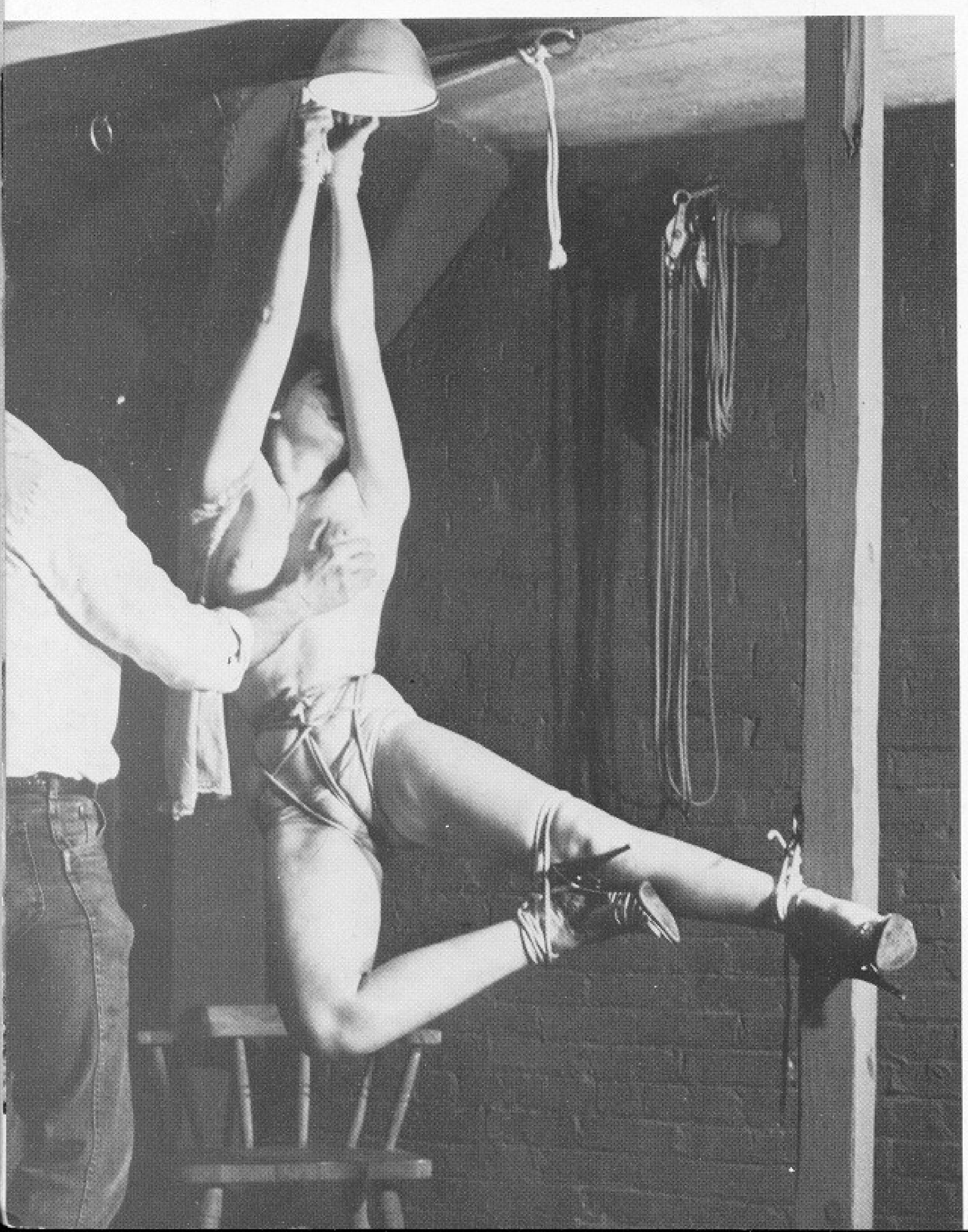












I sort of wish we didn't have this basement. It's awful handy, of course for lots of regular things, but it's far too handy for punishments. I gives Elmer ideas and spurs him on. I mean, I don't mind being punished when I'm naughty—we made that agreement when we got married and he sure has held me to it. But, like I say, I don't mind if only Elmer would stay away from the bizarre. But once he gets me down in our basement . . . !

First off I have to be naked and he dons his hood. This creates atmosphere. Being married it doesn't matter about him seeing me naked. Elmer has had a good look at me a lot of times, and he's apt to take out one of my breasts and nibble awhile anytime. I think that's terribly sweet and I love it—but not the basement!

"I saw some pictures in a magazine," says Elmer. I simply moan. If I ever get my hands on that magazine, I'll burn it.

First off I lose my clothes and get hung up by my hands. Then my feet get tied far apart. Then they get tied up to an adjacent post. When I timidly mention how it hurts I get gagged. Elmer is sensitive about criticism. I also get a couple of good swats with his belt to remind me I should have kept quiet. I suppose we could say my day has now begun.

I started by being gagged with Elmer's handkerchief but was soon promoted to my own panties, the crotch part stuffed well in. I sat there, tied to the stool and tried to look piteous. Sometimes when I do this Elmer will stop and take me to bed. But not today. That magazine has inspired him and I know I'm in for something. Soon I know what.

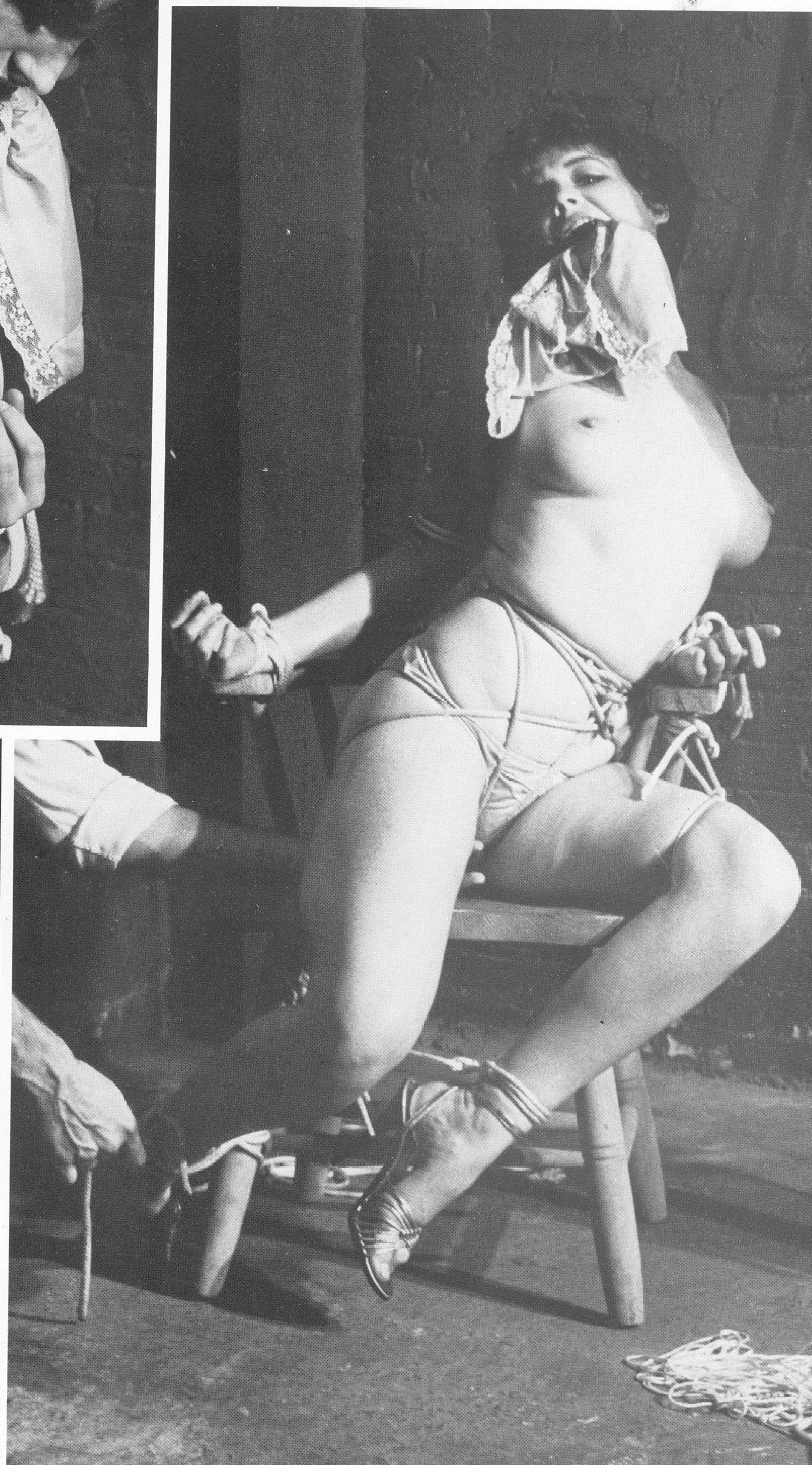
"You have magnificent breasts, dear."

I moan in dismay. I am going to get tortured tits. I gaze at Elmer reproachfully as he binds my breasts. Over and under and criss-cross. Elmer ties me beautifully and I am proud. I mean, I'm proud of both Elmer and my breasts. The latter seem about twice their normal size under the compulsion of Elmer's rope. I try hard to remain silent behind my gag.

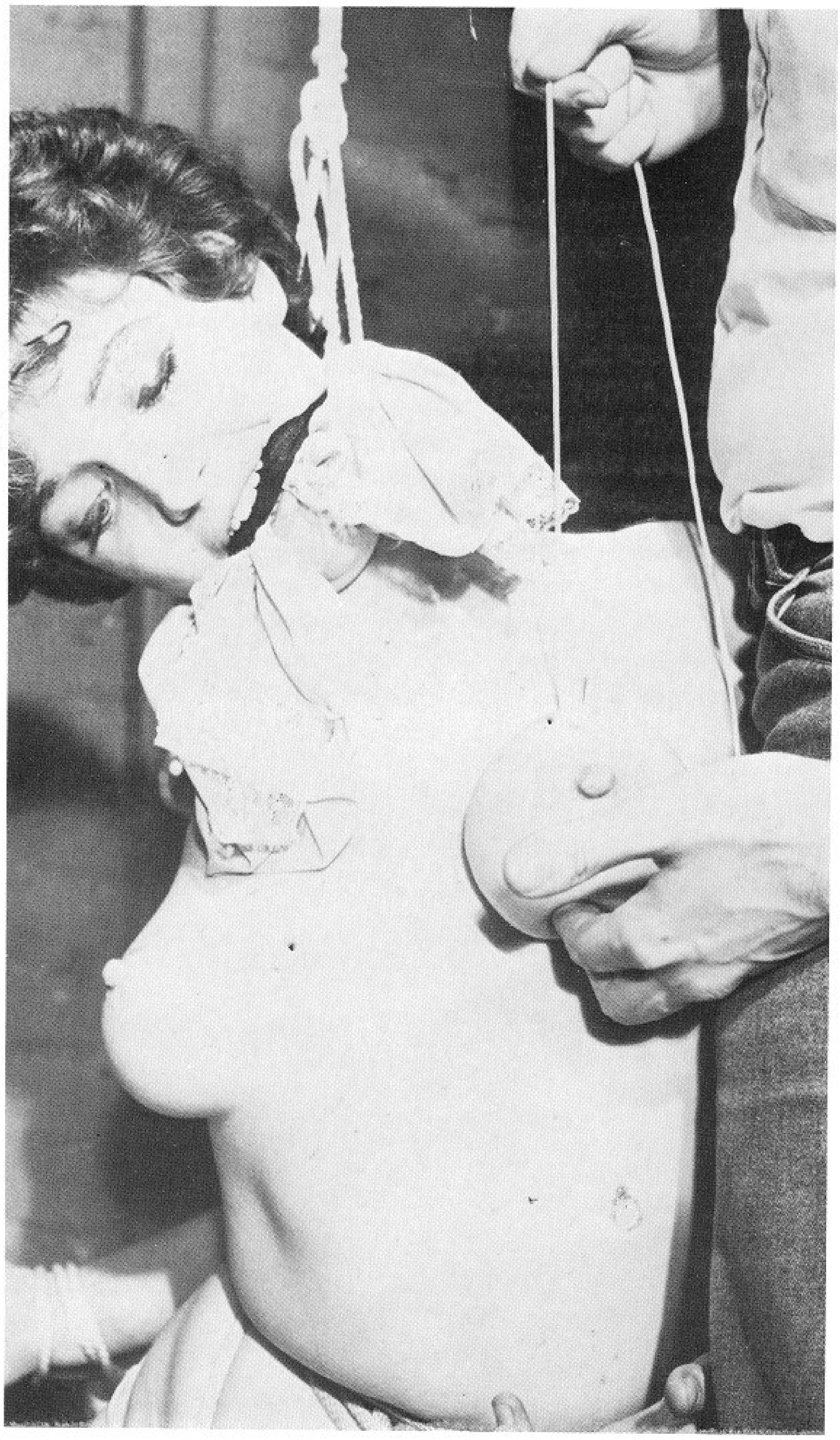
It is not easy. Elmer is making the small loops for my nipples. The binding of my breasts has already made my rosebuds rock hard and very erect. He captures them readily and I feel the bite of his twine. It is very strong and very cruel. I will try not to cry. Elmer does not like tears. If I could speak, I would tell Elmer of how I appreciate the trouble he is taking. It would be a lie but would please him. The loops tighten on my tits. They are











tugged this way and that to make me moan. Then they are tied. Elmer leaves me awhile to enjoy the punishment.

It is very strange to have my breasts thus bound. Elmer returns once to bind a chain across them. I do not like this chain; it is far from feminine and I am a girl. Elmer adjusts everything for my discomfort and to satisfy his sense of what is aesthetic. Since my panties are stuffed in my mouth, he has no trouble cupping his palm and getting a handful of my pussy. But he lets me go before the real glory starts. Just a brief moment of hope and then nothing. But I am being punished—what else can I expect? Girls being punished do not deserve lovely orgasms. At least that's what Elmer says.

I am sure he knows. ■



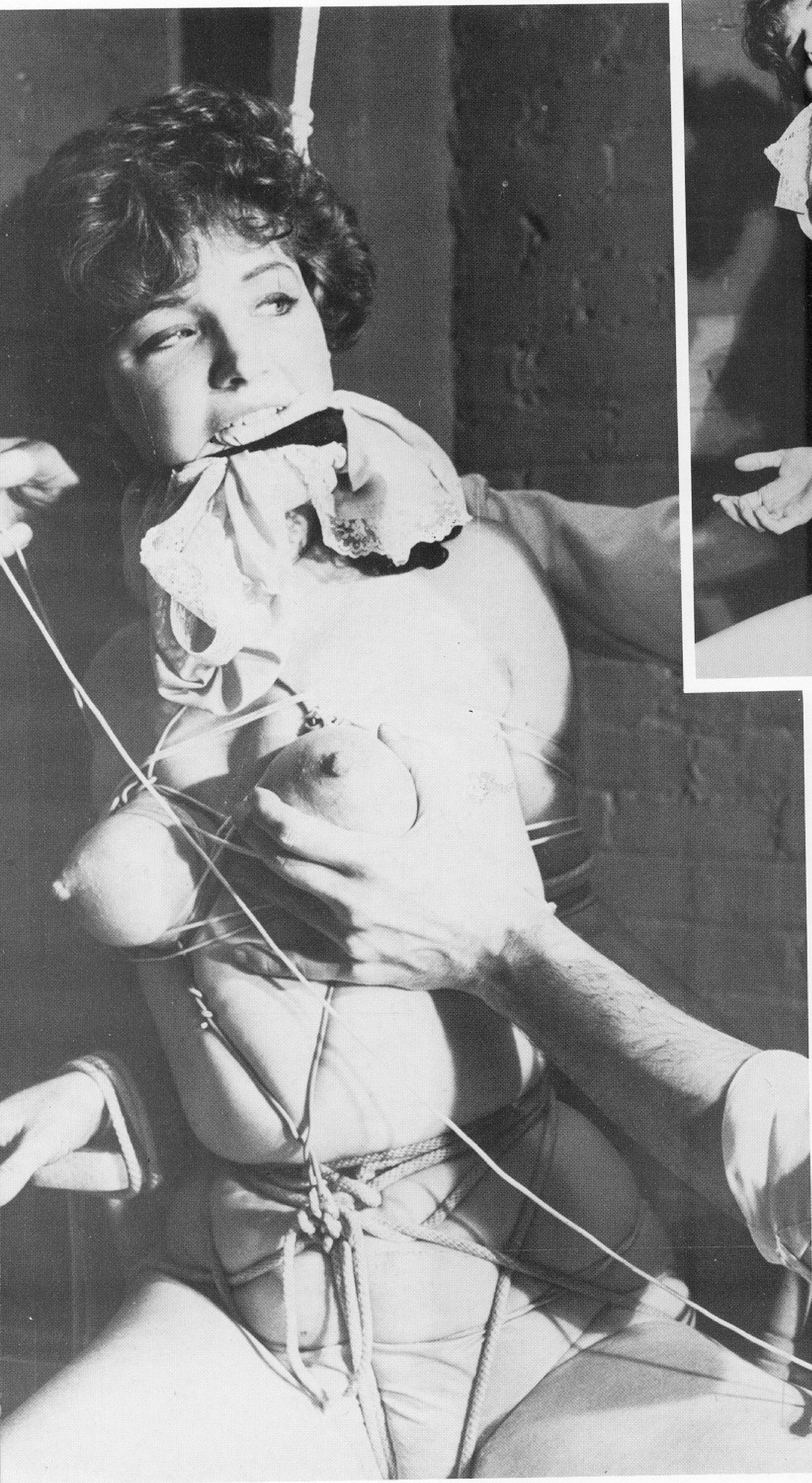


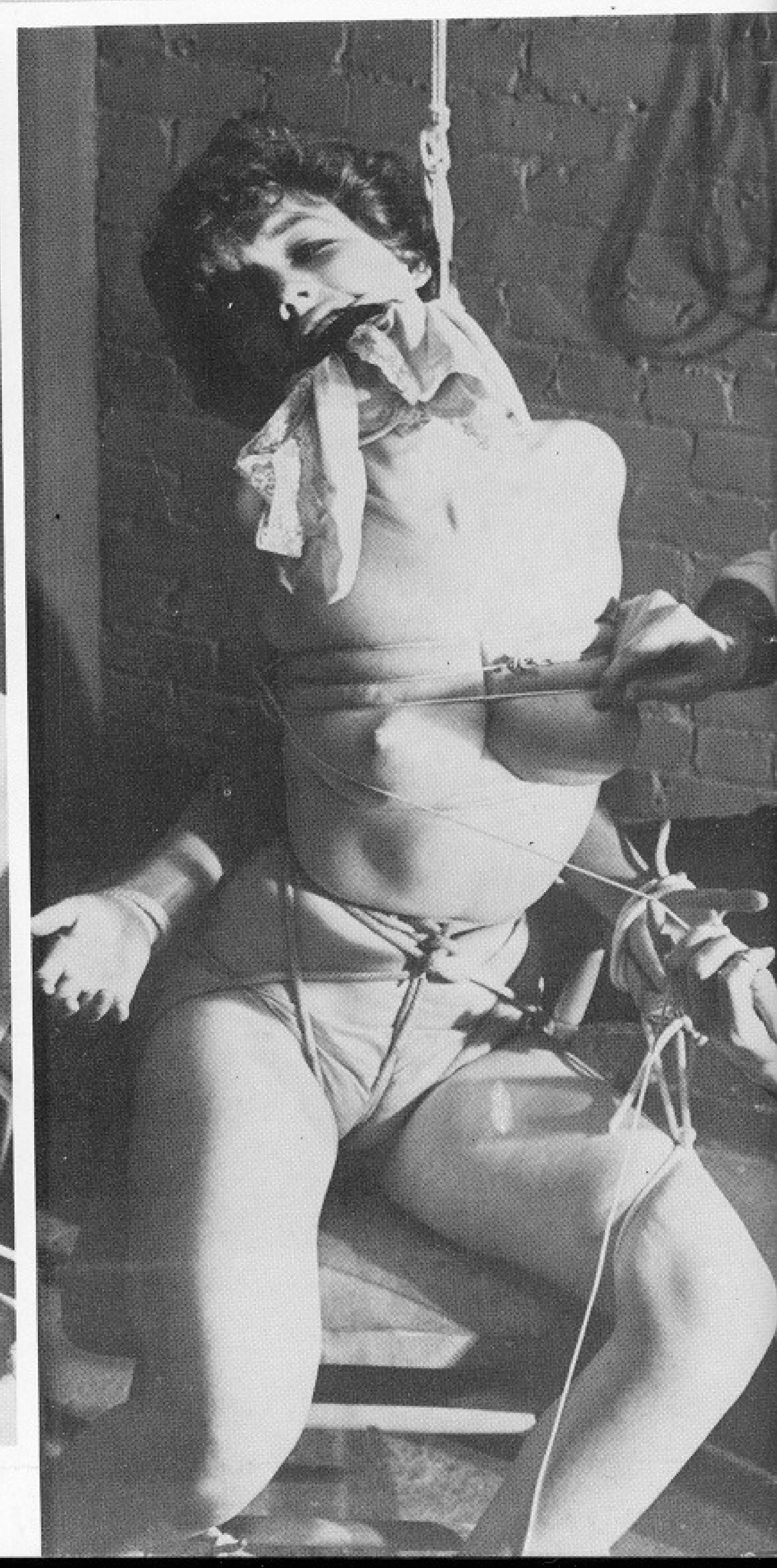








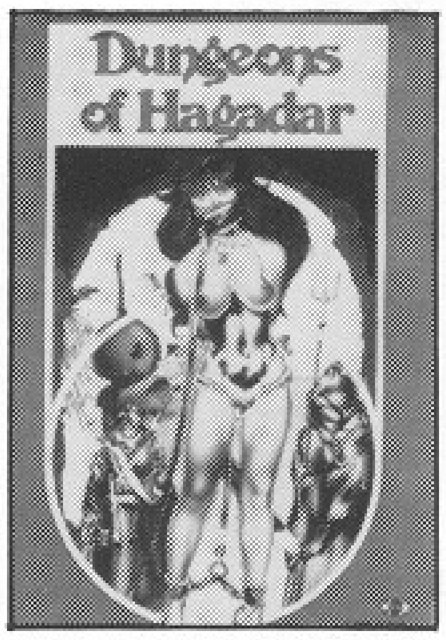






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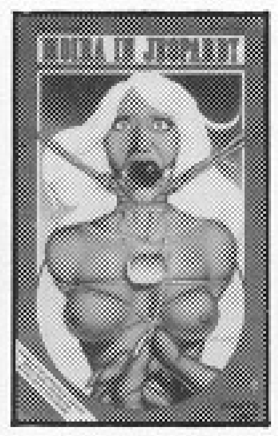
HIT-129



HIT-115



HIT-116



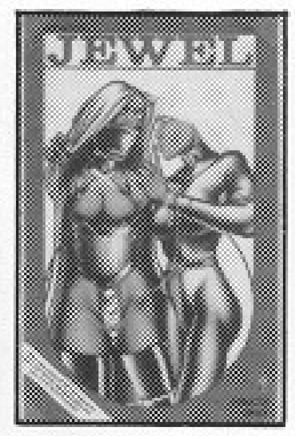
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HIT-118



HIT-119



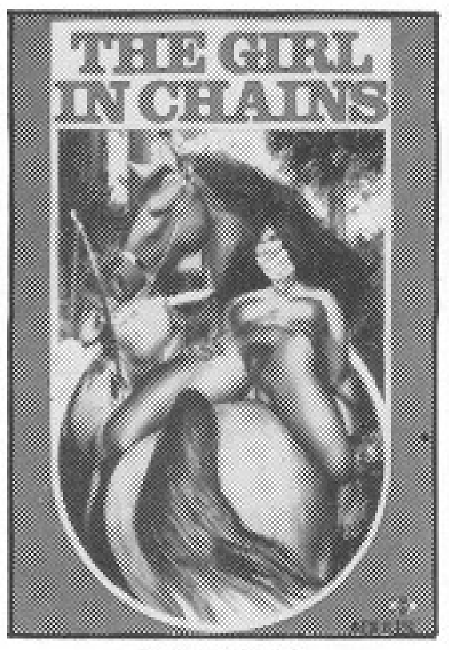
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HIT-121



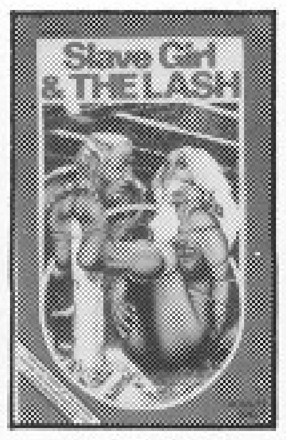
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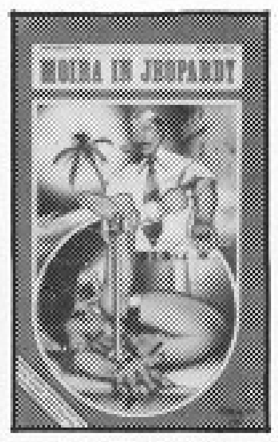
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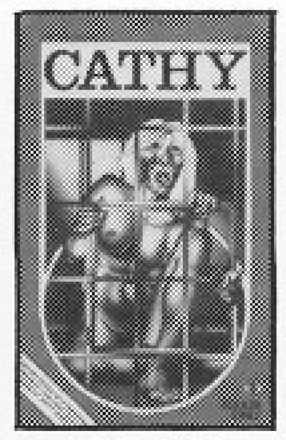
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HIT-124



HIT-125



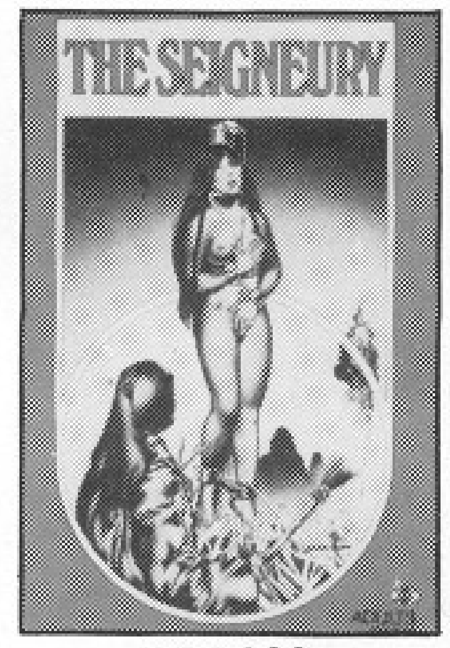
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HIT-127



HIT-128

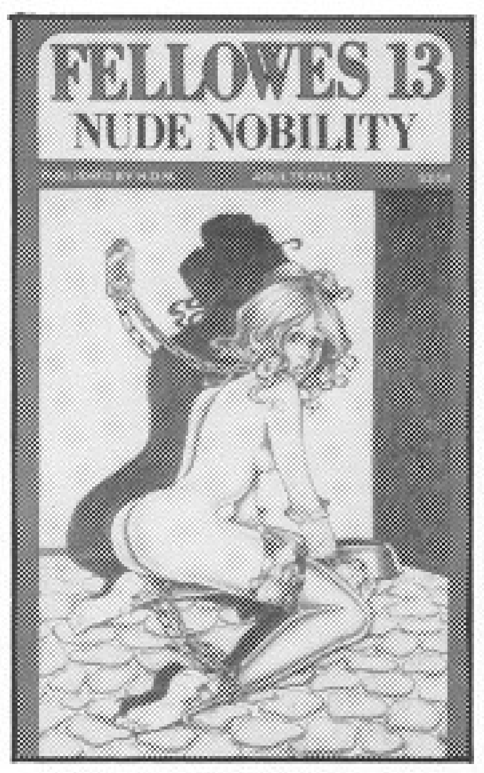


HIT-132

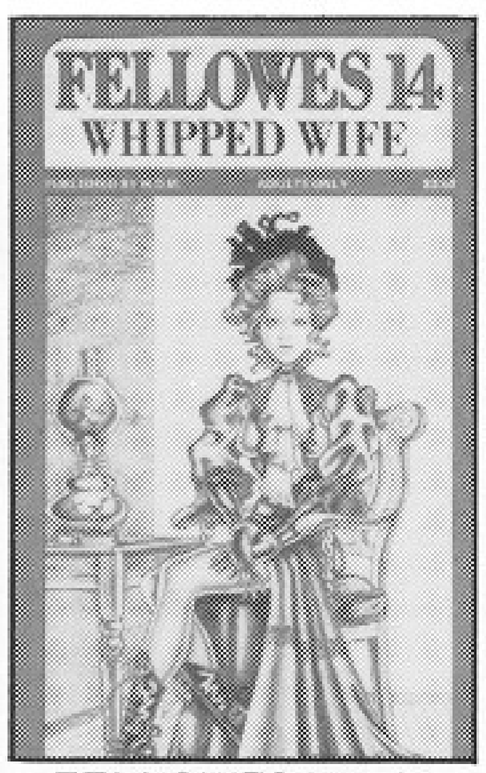
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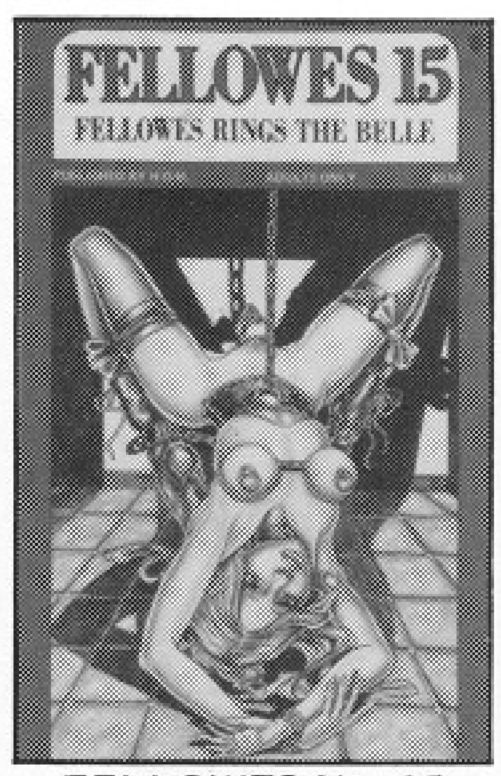
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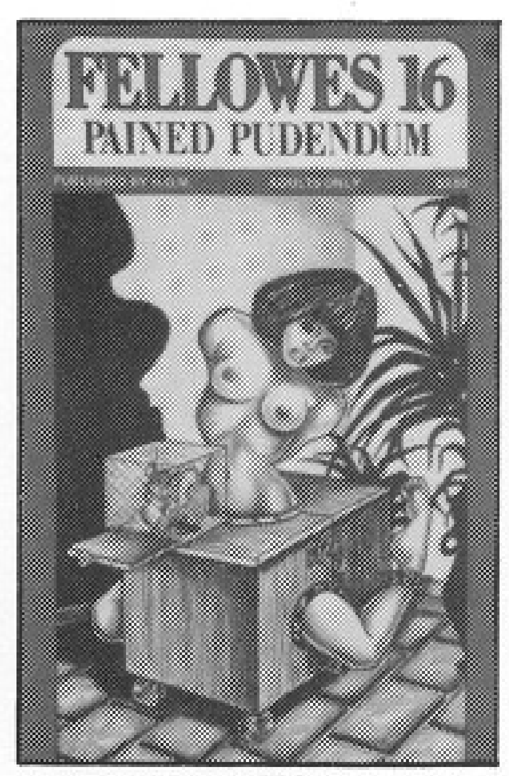
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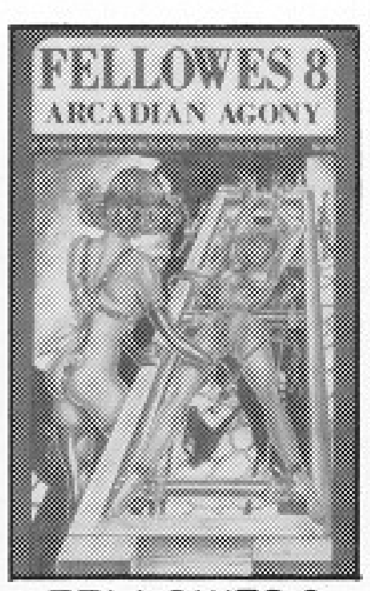
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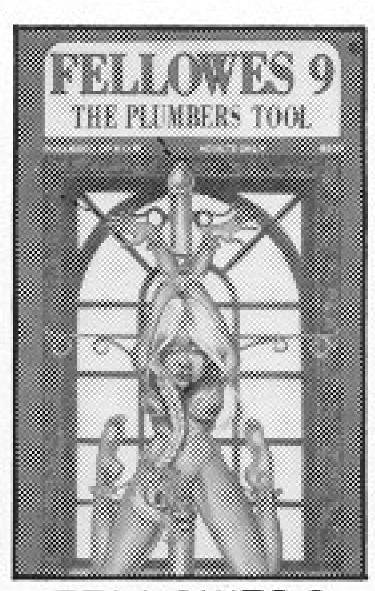
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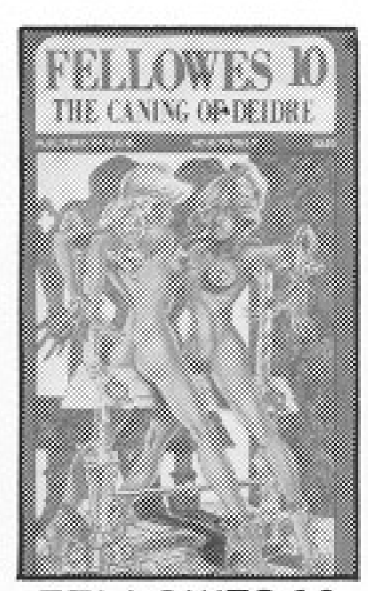
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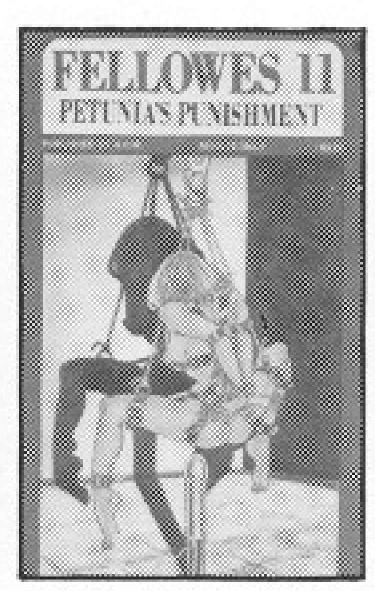
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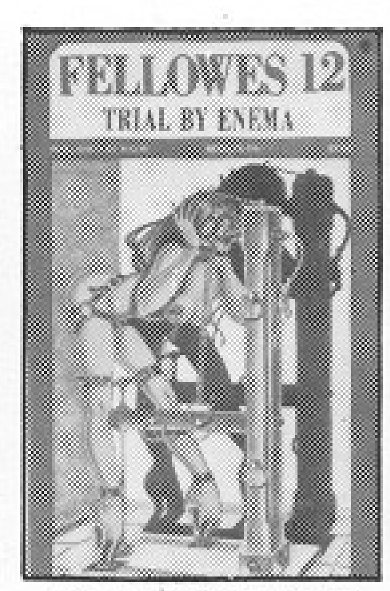
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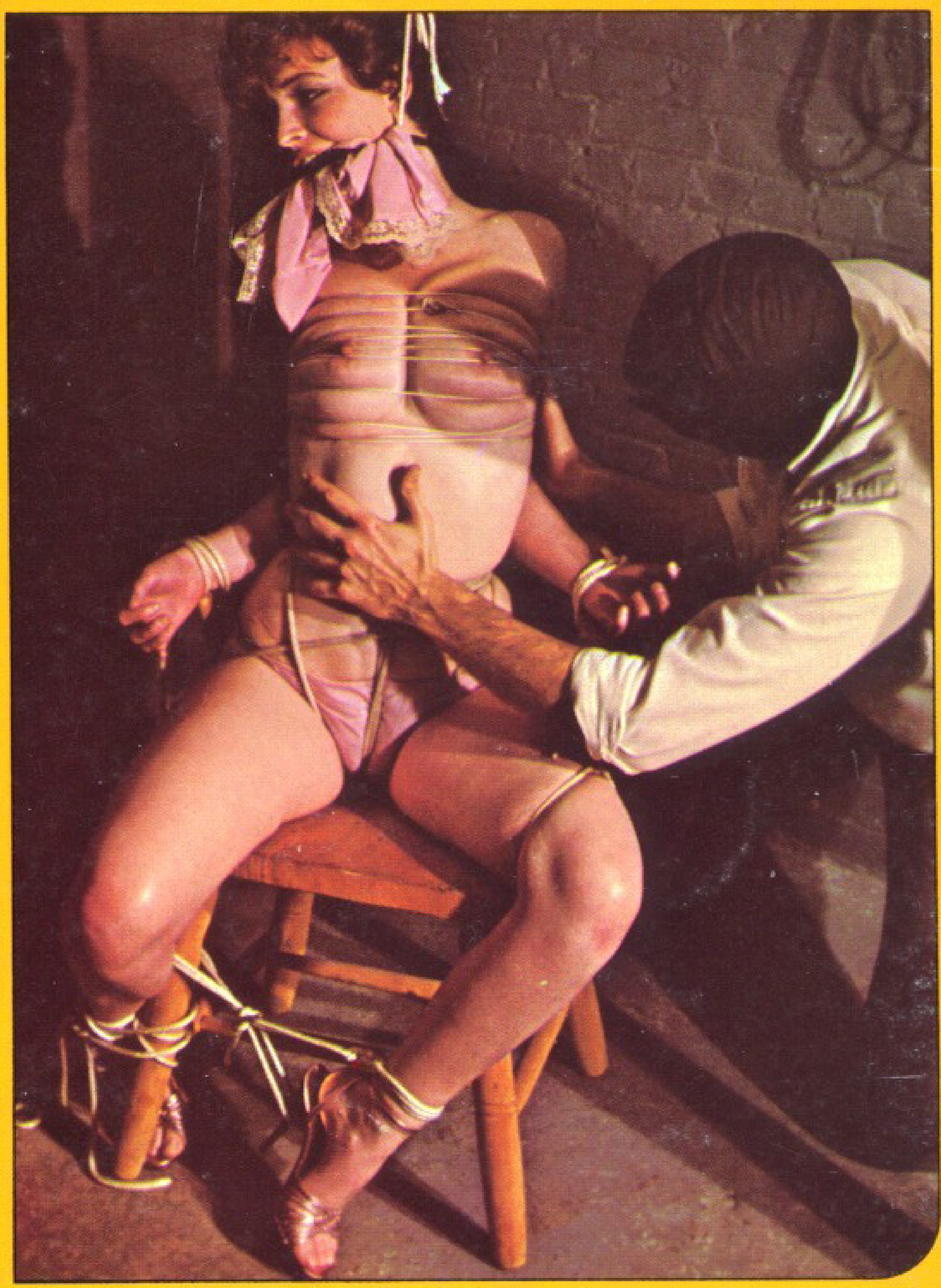
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